

Sports Illustrated

JULY 10, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

THE NAME OF THE GAME

Nancy Lopez



The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



**Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 40 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.



DON'T SCREW IT UP WITH SOMEBODY ELSE'S SPEAKERS.

It pains us, to hear a Pioneer car stereo through anybody else's loudspeakers.

It pains us because we probably make more high-fidelity speakers than anyone else. Some two-dozen different varieties of car speakers alone.



We know what goes into ours. And we know what goes into the other leading brand.

In Pioneer speakers, we use honest, one-piece ferrite magnets. We don't try to fake it with sandwiched magnets, because shortcuts like that increase flux leakage and reduce efficiency.

In Pioneer speakers, we use specially developed cone papers,

some with polyurethane-coated cloth edges for high linearity and high compliance. We don't take chances on lesser materials, with poor stability and heat resistance.

In Pioneer speakers, we use more-stable high-frequency cones. We take special precautions for weather and temperature resistance.

And now that you've read about us, hear us.

Ask your car stereo dealer to play the other leading speakers, then Pioneer.

And, believe us, you won't need the ears of a Leonard Bernstein to hear the difference.



CAR SPEAKERS BY PIONEER.

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL EXTRA LIGHT

Lower in tar than
all the other lights



The only low-tar filter with Pall Mall taste and flavor

Only 7 mg. tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



**BASEBALL'S
BIGGEST NIGHT
OF
THE SUMMER.**

**CATCH IT
WHEREVER
YOU GO.**

No need to miss a pitch of the
1978 All-Star Game.

It's Tuesday, July 11, from San Diego Stadium,
and we'll have Vin Scully doing play-by-play...

Brent Musburger with the color...and
fascinating pre-game and post-game interviews
by Jerry Coleman with
famous players, past and present.

**THE ALL-STAR GAME
TUESDAY, JULY 11, 8:40 PM, ET
CBS RADIO NETWORK**

Vic Braden's new book will leave you laughing.

But the joke is
on your opponents.



Vic Braden says, "You can play tennis 500% better than you do now." And in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** he shows you how. Vic's secret weapon—well-known to the millions who have seen him on TV—is his sense of humor. But the jokes aren't just for laughs. Vic's humor will relax you, jolt you out of your bad habits, and help to make each lesson absolutely unforgettable. Try these Braden one-liners on for size.

- If you're worried about your opponent's next shot while you're hitting your own, don't bother—because your shot isn't going over in the first place.
- The main goal in tennis is simple: Keep all your shots deep and in play and you'll be famous by Friday.
- You can't hit a helium ball and attack; that's like throwing a hand grenade and running underneath it.
- When you are swinging in a northerly direction and the ball keeps heading south, you are very likely watching your opponent instead of the ball.
- If you can walk to the drinking fountain without falling over, you have the physical ability to play tennis well.

"Vic Braden is the world's number one tennis coach."—Jack Kramer

Vic Braden's ideas are going to change the game of tennis from the ground up—and in **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** you'll learn how. You'll find out how Vic uses high-speed photography and special measuring devices at his Tennis College, in the world's first truly scientific study of tennis technique. You'll get the benefit of Vic's 22 years of successful coaching—plus his training as a psychologist. **VIC BRADEN'S TENNIS FOR THE FUTURE** is your key to a total revolution in tennis—a whole new approach

to stroke production, strategy, dealing with stress, and training for the game.

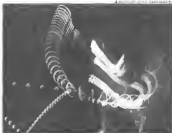
500% better is Vic's promise. And he's not joking.

Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future

by Vic Braden and Bill Bruns

With over 200 photographs and illustrations \$12.95
A Sports Illustrated Book

Published by
Little, Brown
PUBLISHERS



BOOKTALK

by BOB OTTM

JOE LOUIS HAS PULLED NO PUNCHES IN THIS PRAISEWORTHY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Only an honest man would admit it, his boxing career was over long before he actually stopped fighting for a living. He clearly recalls the date and the place, even the time: It was Dec. 5, 1943 at New York's Madison Square Garden and, to be even more precise, it was less than one minute into the fourth round. Jersey Joe Walcott had just knocked him down with a right hand. It was the second time in the fight that he had been floored; Walcott also had decked him in the first round. "As I'm on my hands and knees taking a seven-count," Joe Louis recalls, "I say to myself, 'Goddamn, am I really a twenty-to-one favorite?'"

The record shows that the fight dragged on for 11 more rounds. Louis was declared the winner and still heavyweight champion, but he left the ring as disgusted with himself

as the crowd was with the split decision. It was the first time the fans had turned on him, and the incident marks the one low point in this otherwise upbeat autobiography. *Joe Louis: My Life* (written with Edna and Art Rust Jr., Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.95) In fact, it is cheering to find that Louis, now a fragile 64-year-old slowly recovering from open-heart surgery, can look back in the pages of his memoirs and report that life was mostly pretty dandy.

The fight part, of course, was legendary. Louis won 68 of 71 fights, 54 by knockout in a busy and successful career that kept him in the public eye and earned him great acclaim. But the rest of it was equally good—Louis had as much zest for living as he did for fighting and he worked as if it just as hard. He admits, if a bit coyly at times, that he was the heavyweight champ with the women, too, from Cotton Club chorines to famous movie stars, punctuating his escapades with four marriages.

Louis clearly enjoys recounting his story, and he vividly recalls telling detail. June 25, 1935, he clinches with Primo Carners and lifts the surprised giant off his feet. "I should be doing this to you," Carners gasps. Aug. 7, 1935, Round 1: King Levinsky sits on the bot-

tom strand of the ring ropes yelling, "Don't let him hit me again." In recapping his fights, Louis shows uncommon flair for suspense and he candidly discusses his financial difficulties, which seemed nearly insurmountable toward the end of his career. He was broke and heavily in arrears on income taxes, he had no idea where all the money had gone and he was fighting without spirit merely to pay off the government.

Louis was 37 years old on Oct. 26, 1951 when Rocky Marciano thrashed him so soundly that Louis wasn't fully conscious when Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the fight in the eighth. It was all over. Marciano came into Louis' dressing room crying and said, "Joe, I'm sorry." And when a doctor from the athletic commission said, "Joe, you can't fight for at least three months," Louis replied, "Do you mind if I don't fight no more at all?"

Well, he did fight a bit more after that, but never seriously. Mostly, he just got by, ending up as a greeter at a Las Vegas hotel, where he is today. But, as he puts it at the end of this splendid autobiography, "If you dance, you got to pay the piper. Believe me, I danced. I paid the piper, and left him a big fat tip."

END

The Dry Look pump leaves hair feeling as soft and natural as it looks.

The Dry Look gives you more than a great look. It leaves your hair feeling soft and natural, too—not stiff. The Dry Look in pump spray or aerosol—with a formula that's right for your hair. Get The Dry Look... and don't be a stiff!

© The Gillette Company 1978





"The Enegrens' home had increased in value. Thanks to Allstate, so had their insurance coverage."

"When that tornado struck Olathe, the Enegrens' house was completely wiped out. Only six months before, I had encouraged them to increase their coverage by \$10,000 to bring their insurance closer to the value of their home."

"At that time, I called them to review their homeowner's policy. I explained that not only had the value of their house gone up, but also the cost of rebuilding it, if disaster should strike."

"After the tornado, the Enegrens used the money we paid them to buy another house. As an Allstate agent, I always try to make sure my customers keep their insurance up to date, so that a disaster like this will never leave them out in the cold."



Help when you need it.
That's a promise from
the good hands people.

Allstate

Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL

Barney Bohman
Senior Account Agent
Mission, KS



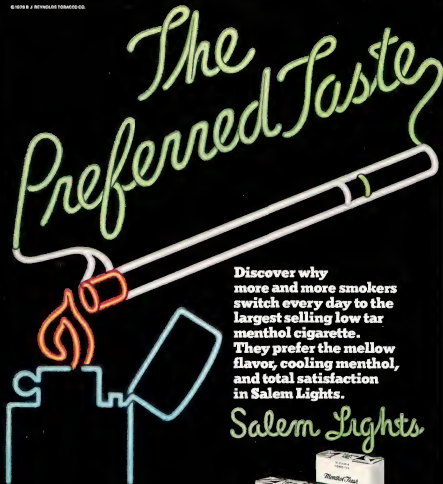


A black and white photograph of a white metal patio chair on a grassy lawn. In the upper left corner, the corner of a building with horizontal siding is visible. The background is a dense, textured field of grass.

Summer is now Playing— Don't miss it.

Out-of-doors, barriers down, people all decked out in their summer attitudes. In summertime, even the occasional downpour makes for a nice moment. We recommend waiting it out with crystal-clear Smirnoff and tonic. Or, make something special out of fresh grapefruit juice or lemonade by pouring in a splash of Smirnoff. Gently though, you might miss the performance.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless



**Discover why
more and more smokers
switch every day to the
largest selling low tar
menthol cigarette.
They prefer the mellow
flavor, cooling menthol,
and total satisfaction
in Salem Lights.**

Salem Lights

LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. 77;
LIGHT 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

TELlico DAM (CONT.)

Judging from a statement given to the House Subcommittee on Fisheries, Wildlife Conservation and the Environment by S. David Freeman, the chairman of the TVA, the Tellico Dam on the Little Tennessee River, home of the endangered snail darter (SCORECARD, June 26), may never be completed. Freeman told the subcommittee that he had grown up in Chattanooga and remembered the floods that had damaged the city before the TVA built dams. He also said he had enjoyed the recreational benefits of the TVA lakes and had witnessed the economic growth spurred by TVA power. He then went on to say of the TVA's Tellico project:

"Conventional wisdom would suggest that since the dam has been largely built, the most economical solution would be to complete the project as planned. Everyone seems to be jumping to that conclusion. But I'm not sure. No one has really evaluated the benefits of an alternative that recognizes the economic values of the food production that would be lost and that places some value on the unique historical sites and fish and wildlife that would be destroyed by the dam and reservoir is now planned.

"Perhaps the Tellico project was the best possible project when it was decided decades ago. Maybe it still is. But there have been dramatic changes in land values and in values of society since this project was planned in 1939. And we must remember that the decision will last for centuries, because once a reservoir is formed, the land is ruined and other values destroyed.

"It is not just the snail darter that has been discovered since the Tellico project was started. The nation is beginning to discover that prime farmland is also an endangered species whose value has gone up appreciably. The bottomlands in the Tellico Reservoir now owned by TVA contain some of the best farmland in Tennessee. The Tellico Reservoir also happens to contain the ancestral home

of the Cherokee Indian Nation, and preserving these historical sites has been recognized as a value for contemporary society. And a new generation of Tennessee Valley residents has grown up—many of whom place a greater value on canoeing on a free-flowing stretch of river than motorboating on a lake."

SMITTEN

James H. Smith Jr., of Camp Hill, Pa., is the founder, president, newsletter editor and chief bankroller of the Jim Smith Society, which he established in 1969 to help build friendships, have some fun and disseminate news through the *Jim Smith Newsletter* about Jim Smiths everywhere. Starting on July 14, the Jim Smith Society, which now has 652 members worldwide, including three women, will hold its Ninth National Jim Smith Fun Festival at Wentworth-by-the-Sea, a resort near Portsmouth, N.H., owned—night!—by a man named Jim Smith. "World affairs, domestic policy, zero-based budgeting and how to make yak butter better will be sidestepped, if not totally ignored, at our meeting," says founder Jim Smith. Instead the highlight will be the annual Jim Smith softball game, and you shouldn't need a program to know who's on first. But just in case you do, the night before the game there will be a "Meet Jim Smith" party, at which the favorite greeting will be "Say, I remember your name, but I don't recall the face."

INSIGHT

Cin D'Amato, who managed Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres to world titles and who is as shrewd a character as can be found in boxing, believes Muhammad Ali will beat Leon Spinks in their return bout in September. "Ali can still fight if he has the motivation," D'Amato says. "His trouble was boredom. Now he has the motivation—he can become the first man to win the heavyweight title three times. After he does that, I expect him to retire. There's no doubt in my mind that

he can make millions a year representing American companies, Arab countries, African countries—you name it—by acting as a go-between on business deals. He'll make far more money than he ever did in boxing, because nobody else in the world can open doors in every country and speak directly to the top man."

JAWS 3

Reports that a monstrous white shark 25 to 30 feet long is ranging off Montauk, N.Y., on the easternmost tip of Long Island and has twice escaped capture by harpoon have divided people into two camps: those who believe the stories, and those who say they were cooked up to publicize the opening of *Jaws 3*. Biologist Jack Casey of the National Marine Fisheries Service laboratory in Narragansett, R.I., the most active shark investigator in the Northeast, thinks the stories have substance, although the white's length would make it the biggest ever known. "The fish off Montauk could be



20 feet long, but unless someone showed me for sure, I would doubt 25 or 30 feet." Casey says. "The largest white shark ever reported was 21 feet long and weighed 7,100 pounds. The liver alone weighed 1,000 pounds. A lot of the body weight is given over to the liver for the storage of fats, allowing a shark to go long periods without eating.

"Not many people have the opportunity to look at a large white shark, because they're not abundant anywhere."

continued

Olympic gold.

There's really two kinds: the medals the athletes win—and the money it takes to help them do it. In fact, there may be some connection. You see, Olympic hopefuls depend on private donations to support their quest for Olympic gold. And simply put, the more money we can raise, the better prepared our athletes will be in 1980.

It's hard to think about an Olympics that's over two years away—but it's really not much time for an athlete. Already, Olympic hopefuls are in training—and they need your help to stay competitive.

The economics are staggering.

The cost of supporting our team and developing athletes for individual events will come to at least 26 million dollars. And the United States Olympic Committee needs a

large part of that money right now. America doesn't send athletes to the Olympics—Americans do. So it's your tax deductible contribution which will help us assemble a team.

With any contribution of \$10 or more, the United States Olympic Committee will send you the Olympic medallion and chain pictured below—a handsome design featuring the Olympic insignia—a symbol of your support of our Olympic team.

The more you contribute, the better prepared America will be. That way, when NBC brings you the 1980 Olympics, what you'll see is the best America's got!



NBC Sports

Network of the 1980 Olympics



THE UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE
BOX 1980 CS CATHEDRAL STATION
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS 02118

Enclosed is my contribution of \$ _____

Please send me _____ Olympic medallion(s) and chain(s)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

When your body responds to the stress of overwork it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins: B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of overwork, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, may be indicated.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as overwork and poor diet. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts, 600 mg of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B-complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store, in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets. STRESSTABS 600 can't help you avoid overwork, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to keep going.

Casey says, "I once caught a 14-footer that weighed an estimated 1,500 to 1,800 pounds—we couldn't find a scale big enough—and on another occasion, while I was staring at a 7½-foot hammerhead off one side of the boat, my assistant shouted for me to look over the other side. There was a 20-foot-long white shark, the biggest I've ever seen, and I had plenty of time to estimate its length. But there is a tendency to want to make the shark longer, because the girth is just so enormous."

"Montauk is a very unusual place in that it's near deep-water and oceanic fish, and the area off Montauk lies within the nursery ground of the white shark. There are enough 60- to 200-pound white sharks around to say that. The area in which they're generally found this time of year is from Cape Hatteras north to the Gulf of Maine out to 100 fathoms. In both the Atlantic and the Pacific, white sharks tend to occur in temperate waters rather than tropical."

"The smaller white sharks eat a variety of fish, while the large whites seem to eat more mammals, such as seals and porpoises. The white shark has eaten man on occasion, but man is certainly not regular food, because otherwise there would have been more attacks. I wouldn't hesitate to go body-surfing at Montauk during the day, but I wouldn't want to be offshore in a wet suit at night—to name the worst set of circumstances—because I'd look just like a seal."

"White sharks are not a very successful species because if they were, there would be more of them. They probably have few young, and they seem to be slow-growing. The 14-footer I caught was an immature female. The 33 rings on the vertebrae suggested she was 33 years old, but we have no way of knowing for sure."

"When I first heard the report that the shark had been harpooned, I thought that at least if they were caught I could examine it for science and we could learn more. When I heard it got away, I was kind of happy, although I hope it isn't off dying somewhere. I have great feeling for large predators. There are really very few of them, and their size makes them so ecologically vulnerable. But they make the world so much more interesting."

BUTE SUIT

The family of Robert Pineda, the jockey killed in the pileup at Pimlico (SI, May 22), has filed suit against the Maryland

Jockey Club, Pimlico General Manager Chuck Lang, Trainer Tom Caviness and owner Thomas Pappagallo for \$10 million under the Maryland Wrongful Death Act. The suit charges that Easy Edith, the horse that caused the pileup, had been given a large dose of Butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory drug, before the race, and that "when administered in the fashion which it was in this instance, it causes horses' legs to be so numbed that the horse is unable to feel pain from injuries which she may have had prior to the race."

Some authorities say that Bute, which is legal in Maryland, is not a painkiller, that it is not misused and that it is an important aid for trainers in getting horses with so-called minor aches and pains to the starting gate. Others counter that Bute is not only a painkiller but also helps mask the use of other more powerful painkillers that are difficult to detect, and that trainers misuse Bute because racing economics compel them to run around horses.

Expert testimony in the suit could go a long way toward settling conflicting claims about the drug.

GOD HELP US

Gerry Craft, the 27-year-old manager of the Boise Buckskins of the Class A Northwest League, who was born again last year, says God is helping him run the team. The club owner, Lanny Moss, a young woman who served as general manager of the Portland Mavericks two seasons ago, says, "Why shouldn't God like baseball?"

Although the Buckskins had lost 11 straight games through last Saturday, neither Craft nor Moss lost faith. "We feel that Christ is just setting the stage for a big boom," Craft said. "He's just teasing us right now."

According to Craft, a "miracle" occurred three weeks before spring training started. "God told me Danny Lee Thomas was supposed to play for the Buckskins," Craft says. "I knew nothing about him. I told Lanny, and she went to the Bible and asked God for confirmation. She turned to Psalms 75:6. It says, 'For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west nor from the south.' Danny was north of us, in Spokane." The Buckskins thereupon signed Thomas, who had been with the Milwaukee Brewers in 1976 until he refused to play between sundown Fri-

day and sundown Saturday because of a religious belief.

But if the Lord gives it, the Lord takes it away. Last week, Craft released Brad Kramer, a pitcher-infielder and a nephew of former Packer Guard Jerry Kramer, after God told him to do so. "It didn't have a whole lot to do with his ability as a player, because he had a lot of talent," says Craft. Craft told Moss that God said Kramer had to go, and she turned again to the Bible for confirmation. She says the very first line from Ezekiel 12:3, "Prepare these stuff for removing," just jumped right out at her.

In a seasaw game at Eugene last week, Craft says, "God told me in the seventh inning we were going to lose. He said, 'Take out players when I tell you to take them out, but I tell you to do when I tell you to do, but be at total peace when you lose. And bear with Me.'"

Craft bore, and the Buckskins blew a 6-4 lead in the bottom of the ninth to lose 7-6.

TIME OUT

This season, with each NFL club getting \$5 million under a new TV contract, commercial time will jump from 20 minutes a game to 22. And that's not counting the one minute the NFL gives to public service.

Twenty-three minutes is getting up there in shill time, and Val Pinchbeck, the NFL director of broadcasting, concedes there have been complaints. "The networks plan the commercials, not the NFL, but we're constantly studying all TV production," Pinchbeck says. "We want to limit our official breaks—time-outs called by officials—to four or five in a quarter. The other breaks are normal, and one reason why football is such a beautiful TV contest. When you have an abundance of touchdowns and field goals, commercial minutes go swiftly. A scoreless afternoon is a problem."

THEY SAID IT

● Charles Royer, mayor of Seattle, on the free-agent status of SuperSonic Center Marvin Webster: "We should zone Marvin a high rise and tell him he can't leave the city."

● Larry Csonka, Giant fullback, on first seeing the club's No. 1 draft choice, 6'6", 285-pound Offensive Tackle Gordon King of Stanford: "It's good to have a lineman you can look straight in the belly button."

END

**“Why do you see
the pros drinking so much
of this stuff?”**

“For the same reason you should.

Cause it works.

**“See, Gatorade® thirst quencher
is made to help put back fluids and salts you sweat away,
better than soft drinks. Even better than water.**

**“It gives your body
what it's thirsty for.**

**“Look. The pros can't make
a living unless they take good
care of themselves. They care
about what they eat. And
what they drink. And a lot
of them drink Gatorade.**

“Cause it works.”



A man with dark, curly hair and a white towel draped over his shoulders sits on a wooden bench in a locker room. He is holding a bottle of Gatorade in his right hand. The background consists of rows of wooden lockers.

**Gatorade®
What more could
a body ask for?**

A FLIP-FLOP FARCE

American League West contenders California, Kansas City, Oakland and Texas met to see if one of them could take the upper hand. It turned out that none of them was able to get a grip on itself, much less the division lead **by RON FIMRITE**

Angel Catcher Brian Downing ended up ahead and on his head as he held onto the ball despite Royal Hal McRae's hard charge





CONTINUED

The race—if it may so be dignified—in the American League West calls to mind the waggish forecast of Chicago sportswriter Warren Brown for the 1945 World Series between those wartime casualties, the Detroit Tigers and the Chicago Cubs: "I don't think either team can win." The division's four leading contenders—if such they may be called—engaged each other in a 14-game round-robin tournament in California last week, and when it was completed, the conclusion that none of them wanted to win it seemed inescapable. Whenever one or the other of these reluctant adversaries gained a purchase on the top rung, he would generously pause for a rest, thereby allowing the nearest pursuer time to catch up.

By week's end, even the callow Oakland A's, losers of 11 straight during one recent stretch, were back in the thick of the battle. It is significant, perhaps, that Richard Nixon should have selected one of last week's games in the West, the Angels against Kansas City at Anaheim, to make his first appearance at a baseball game since he departed the White House four long seasons ago. Nixon's home team, the Angels, rose to the occasion, getting shut out 4-0.

The Angels at that point seemed perilously close to dropping out of the competition entirely, which at least would have helped to resolve some of the confusion. They had not been hitting, pitching, fielding or winning. Entering the game of June 27, the Angels had been shut out three times in a row, and four times in their last five games. Among their batters, only Ron Jackson at .316, Lyman Bostock at .286 and Don Baylor with 18 homers and 46 RBIs had been notably productive. Joe Rudi, the Angels' costly catch from the 1976 free-agent market, was hitting .193 and reclining on the bench, and their celebrated right-handed pitcher, Nolan Ryan, was on the disabled list with a hamstring pull. The flamethrower had not been so hot even when he had been healthy; after 13 starts, his record read three wins, six losses and an earned run average of 4.05. California's heralded Big Two, Ryan and Frank Tanana, who was 11-5, had been reduced to a Big One.

Then, the day after Nixon's visit, Rudi socked a pinch-hit grand-slam homer in the seventh inning to knock the Kansas City Royals from the top spot they then shared with Texas. Thus inspired, the

Angels set off on a four-game winning streak that put them in a tie with Texas for the lead by Saturday. Meanwhile, the Royals were losing their next five games, a descent that under ordinary circumstances would have left them threatening only fifth-place Chicago in the standings. But not in the American League West. For the Rangers, whose two wins early in the week had run their victory string to seven and had put them atop this undulating heap, lost their next three and stood still. On Sunday the Royals were only 1½ games back. If they had been in the league's Eastern Division, they would have been in fifth place, 1½ behind Boston.

And unbelievably, right there with the Royals were the A's. They began the season with a cast of mystery guests who, because no one had ever seen them before, confounded the league. By May 3 Oakland was 18-5 and leading the division by 3½ games. Then, in the middle of May, the A's began playing with the big fellows, and as skeptics predicted, they dropped like a stone through the standings. From their May 3 apex to the beginning of last week, they were 16-32. On May 23 Manager Bobby Winkles quit with scarcely a word of explanation, save that provided by team owner Charles O. Finley, who said, "Maybe my phone calls were driving him to the nuthouse."

Winkles was replaced by Jack Mc-

Keon, whom Finley had fired last season. The seven-for-one trade of Vida Blue to the San Francisco Giants was given as the main reason for the A's early surge, but by last week, because of more trades and Finley-style attrition, only three of the former Giants—Pitchers John Henry Johnson and Dave Heuserlo and Shortstop Mario Guerrero—remained on the roster. Finley had unloaded two home-run threats, Gary Thomason and Gary Alexander, and replaced them with the likes of Joe Wallis, Mickey Klutts and Dell Alston. The A's have the fewest fans in the majors and the lowest team batting average in the league. Predictably, they have scored the fewest runs, too. At one time they had two 18-year-olds fresh from high school in their pitching rotation. Oakland's 55% rate of success in stolen-base attempts made stealing a crime, even in Finley's larcenous eyes. And yet the A's closed to within 1½ games of the lead by taking consecutive extra-inning games from the Rangers—2-1 in 15 on Wednesday and 8-7 in 10 on Thursday—and edging the Royals 2-1 and 4-2 on Friday and Saturday, before splitting a doubleheader with K.C. on Sunday.

What should have encouraged Finley most about this mini-resurgence was a concurrent revival of the team's time-honored tradition of dissension in the ranks. Credit this to Bob Lacey, a Lin-

Against the Angels K.C.'s Cowens, a slumper at the plate, fell at second with torn ligaments



collesque relief pitcher who, at age 24 and with all of one major league season behind him, is considered a grizzled veteran on a team where Clearasil is more prevalent in the clubhouse than Gillette Foamy. A skirmish Lacey had two weeks ago in Kansas City with the Royals' Darrell Porter seemed to loosen his tongue. Porter, he told reporters, was "kind of ugly," and Royals' Reliever Al Hrabosky was "no day at the beach, either." Hal McRae was simply "the dirtiest guy in the league."

Properly warmed up, last week Lacey turned the heat on his own team. Starting teen-agers Mike Morgan and Tim Conroy—both of whom have since been dispatched to the minors—in five games was tantamount, Lacey said, to informing the rest of the division that "we don't want it," it being the championship. Besides, the A's are not properly motivated by the manager and his coaches. These layabouts, Lacey said, never argue with umpires, never support the players when they need it and do nothing to "pump up" the youngsters on the team. The A's bunt too much, which takes the bats out of the hands of some free swingers who need to take their cuts. "You can't take aggression away from young guys," said Lacey.

Furthermore, he maintained, there are too many late-inning lineup changes for pinch hitters, pinch runners and defen-

continued



Enough, one of the pitchers keeping Oakland in the race, is congratulated after defeating K.C.



Texas' Campenelli, batting a lowly .201, goes high at short—but not high enough to stop an A's hit



sive specialists. As a result, players "get labeled as bad hitters, bad base runners and bad fielders," and labels are hard to live down. Lacey does not miss Winkles, who, he said, "had it in for me," but McKeon, too, must go. "We need a new philosophy and a new manager," Lacey declared. When reminded that Finley himself calls all the shots, Lacey smiled and cited a suggestion made by Oakland Tribune Columnist Ron Bergman that McKeon be called "Jack O. McFinley."

This diatribe followed a thrilling 8-7 A's win in which Lacey stifled a Texas rally by getting the side out with the bases loaded and nobody out. Ah, shades of Reggie Jackson, Rolfe Fingers, Billy North and the other wonderful malcontents of championship seasons. "This could get me in a lot of trouble," Lacey concluded. Nonsense. It merely makes him an A of the old stripe.

Despite Lacey's loudmouthing and an impressive young pitching staff—Lacey, Johnson, Haverlo, Matt Keough and Rick Langford all have ages of 27 or less and ERAs of 3.13 or less—the A's do not appear to be a serious threat to win the division. "By the end of the season, the A's will be back in the pack," Kansas

City's George Brett advised after one of the K.C. losses to Oakland. With a .304 batting average, Brett is one of the few Royals playing up to par, so he may speak freely of the opposition's deficiencies. "The Angels have potential," he said, "but they are too tight. They're pressing too hard." And he reminded critics that the Royals' record last week was eerily close to what it was last season at the same time. After 74 games in 1977, the team was 39-35, and after 74 games this season it was 38-36. Then the '77 Royals ran off winning streaks of 10 games in August and 16 in September, and went on to achieve a 102-60 record, the best in the majors.

But this year's team is not hitting with last year's power. John Mayberry and his 23 "bats have been traded to Toronto, and Al Cowens, who went on the disabled list last week with a pulled knee ligament and a .249 average, has hit only two homers, far off his pace of a year ago when he had 23 home runs, batted .312 and finished second in the MVP balloting. Rookie Clint Hurdle, the 20-year-old slugger who was supposed to step in for Mayberry, has hit only three homers. In its first 75 games, Kansas City had only 43 home runs, 49 fewer than league-leading Boston. Among the Royals, only batters Brett, Amos Otis (.289) and Darrell Porter (.284) and Pitchers Paul Splittorff (.9-7) and Rich Gale, a 6' 7" rookie right-hander who is 7-3, could be said to be playing up to or above expectations.

Texas has added sluggers Al Oliver, Richie Zisk and Bobby Bonds to a team that hit .270 in 1977, but by the end of last week the Rangers were batting less than .250—mainly because three starting infielders, Bump Wills, Bert Campaneris and Toby Harrah, had a cumulative average of .215, and Oliver, who was hitting .288 with 39 RBIs, was on the disabled list with a pulled muscle in his rib cage. Though Zisk, a plow horse in the outfield, was batting .286 with 13 homers, and Bonds, just coming around after a dismal start in Chicago, was hitting .256 with 11 homers, nine of them since he joined the Royals May 18, the Rangers got to the top last week on pitching, particularly by veterans Ferguson Jenkins (8-3, 2.89 ERA) and Dock Ellis (7-3, 3.44). The team ERA was 3.26, second lowest in the league to Oakland's 2.96.

A continuing theme played by both the Rangers and the Royals goes, "We're too good to be playing this badly." But,



Betting only 193, Ruth hit a pinch grand slam.

in truth, both teams feel fortunate to be huddled at the top. "I'm just grateful the whole division is struggling," says Texas Manager Billy Hunter. "We're saying that we haven't played well," says that masterful fielder, Texas Catcher Jim Sundberg, who, with a .318 average, is playing well. "And California's saying it hasn't played well and Kansas City's saying they haven't played well, and the records prove it." That they do, and so do some unusual instances of absent-minded and amateurish play that enlivened last week.

During Wednesday's game at Oakland, in which the Rangers lost 2-1 to the A's, Bonds committed gaffes that would embarrass a Snodgrass or a Merkle. With the score tied and one out in the sixth inning, Bonds tried to steal third base with left-handed John Lowenstein at bat. Oakland Catcher Jeff Newman, his view of third unobstructed, easily threw Bonds out. In the eighth inning of the same game, Bonds was doubled off first base when he unaccountably ran on Lowenstein's fly to centerfield. In the bottom half of that inning, he played Miguel Dilone's routine single into a double by approaching the ball as if it were ticking.

In the fourth inning the next day, Bonds dropped a fly ball, but he was not the only Ranger to lose his way. Later in the game that day, Mitchell Page of the A's was caught flat-footed between first and second on a perfectly executed pitch-out. In the subsequent rundown, Texas



Oakland's Corroy, 18, came a tumble crozier.



First Baseman Mike Hargrove threw the ball into leftfield, and Page reached third. He scored from there on Taylor Duncan's single.

Boners abounded in both Northern and Southern California on Friday. In the second inning of that night's game in Oakland, Kansas City's Fred Patek would have been cleanly picked off second by the A's Keough had not Keough thrown the ball into centerfield. Thus Patek advanced to third, and Keough got him the rest of the way home with a two-out wild pitch. Consider also the base-path odyssey of Texas' Bobby Thompson that night in Anaheim. He lined a one-bouncer to the base of the leftfield wall in the sixth inning for a sure double. But, whoa! Instead of digging for second after making his turn, Thompson headed back to first, having missed the bug his first time around. No sweat, Baylor, assuming Thompson's hit was at least a double, retrieved the ball in left and threw it to Shortstop Dave Chalk, the cutoff man. Chalk wheeled and tossed it to third, where to his considerable surprise there was no one to receive it. Third Baseman Dave Machemer, observing that second base was unprotected, was hurrying there when Chalk cut loose. The throw to third rolled harmfully away, and Thompson now advanced all the way from first to third. It is a measure of the Rangers' hitting weakness that, though there were no outs at the time of this farce, Thompson did not score.

Kansas City's Willie Wilson had a

somewhat smoother, if no less eventful, passage in the Saturday afternoon game at Oakland. With his team trailing 4-1 in the eighth inning, Wilson led off with an infield single. He then stole second, running his league-leading total of swipes to 29, and moved to third on Newman's passed ball. He scored off Johnson's wild pitch. That is the new Kansas City offense—an infield hit, a stolen base, a passed ball and a wild pitch. Bingo, beginning!

That evening in Anaheim, the Angels' Ron Fairly converted a fairly routine play into a Fairly come routine. On first with one out in the eighth and his team trailing 6-3, Fairly was doubled up when Bobby Grich lined to Harrah at third, who threw to first before Fairly could get back. In his belated effort to reverse directions, Fairly fell on his face on the base path. But that is not the funny part. He lay there for a moment reflecting on how a 20-year veteran could so carelessly take his team out of a rally in a losing game. Then, in disgust, he grabbed a handful of dirt and, while still prone, flipped it back

over his head. The dirt caught First Base Umpire Terry Cooney on the head and shoulders, and as he brushed it away with one hand, Cooney thumbed Fairly out of the game with the other. Afterward, Fairly was seen examining a book entitled *How to Get Through Your Struggles by Oral Roberts*.

And so, by the end of the week there had been a lot of laughs but little done to clear away the divisional clutter. Like the four Marx Brothers in the famous stateroom scene in *A Night at the Opera*, the contenders seemed intent on cramming themselves into the tightest space possible. Other obvious similarities to the Marxes—Groucho (Texas), Chico (California), Zeppo (Kansas City) and Harpo (Oakland)—should be charitably disregarded. In time, it may be assumed, the American League West will cut the comedy and get down to the serious business of producing a champion.

"I look at it as a horse race," the Rangers' Harrah says. "It's not how you start. It's how you finish." Or, the way things have been going, if you finish. **END**

Texas' Thompson was able to blow a bubble and hit simultaneously, but he had trouble finding first.



THUNDERING TOWARD ANOTHER TITLE

Bill Muncy soaked it to them for the third straight race, winning the Gold Cup in his drive to regain the unlimited hydroplane championship by E. M. SWIFT

Cutting through the cloying humidity along the Ohio River, the message blared over loudspeakers to the people in Owensboro, Ky. "Football has its Super Bowl. Hockey has its Stanley Cup. And unlimited hydroplaning has its Gold Cup. Stick around. Sweat a while."

Last Sunday the advice was heeded by some 70,000, which is pretty near a sellout for Owensboro. They stayed around and sweated and saw six thunderboats—all of which had qualified by averaging 100 mph over a 2½-mile oval course—compete for the American Power Boat Association's most coveted prize, the 74-year-old Gold Cup. The \$110,000 purse was the richest in hydroplaning's history. And fittingly, when the rooster-tails had settled and the hydroplanes had returned the river to the plodding coal barges bound north for Pittsburgh, the oldest, winningest driver in thunderboating, Bill Muncy, had taken the winner's share of the purse, about \$35,000. It was his seventh Gold Cup. Only the legendary Gar Wood had won as many as five. Muncy did it after finishing first in two out of three heats leading up to the final, which he won despite having

lost the horizontal tailwing on his *Atlas Van Lines*; it had been blown off in the third heat. "It was like driving along with no air in your tires," said Muncy.

But with or without a stabilizing tail, the victory was about as predictable as Muncy is reliable. The five-time champion, who was upset in 1977, was out to get his title back, and ready to roll.

If it is generally true that most athletes do not age as well as, say, a side of beef or a cask of wine, Bill Muncy endures as the exception. One would think that a 49-year-old grandfather might have his hands full controlling an unlimited hydroplane, which can attain a speed of nearly 170 mph on the straightaways, to say nothing of winning races in one. At that speed, if a boat hits a floating beer can, it can flip. And for those curious to know what it feels like to be tossed out going 170 mph—a mishap not uncommon in the sport—experts say that a man can roller-skate on water at 65 mph.

But Grandpa Muncy is anything but a doddering veteran. Last week, he was fit, he was the favorite, and he was saying engaging things like "My wife always wanted to marry an older man. Now that she's got one, I'm not sure she likes it."

The Gold Cup was the third big unlimited race of the season. Muncy had won the first two with such ease that his competitors were less curious about what it took to roller-skate on water than what it took to walk on it. Muncy had been seriously challenged only once. In fact, at the opening race in Miami in early June, he was positively charmed: four boats lined up for the final and three of them failed to start. Muncy drove the 2½-mile course in lonely splendor. Three weeks later in the Gar Wood Trophy on the Detroit River, with some 400,000 people watching, Muncy's main rival and the defending national champion, *Miss Budweiser*, buried a sponsor in the water and nearly sank.

In truth, Muncy and his *Atlas Van Lines* don't need the luck they are get-



Rooster-tailing ahead of his rivals, Muncy came out of one heat minus his tailwing, but throttled *Atlas Van Lines* to another victory in the final.

ting. *Atlas Van Lines* was designed two years ago by Jim Lucero, Muncy's crew chief, and it has proved to be the fastest, most maneuverable and most adaptable unlimited in history. Lucero used advanced aerodynamics and a honey-combed aluminum shell to make the boat both stable and light—at 6,000 pounds, some 400 or 500 pounds lighter than *Miss Budweiser* and the other eight unlimiteds on the circuit. "That's not a boat," says Ron Snyder, who drives *Miss Budweiser*. "Muncy's got an airplane."

Disturbingly, at least for the other drivers, Muncy also is getting used to his boat—this, despite having won eight of 11 races since *Atlas Van Lines* made its debut in 1977. The only times the boat has been beaten were when it was either disabled or disqualified. What took getting used to is the cab-over design, meaning that the cockpit is out in front of the engine. In conventional unlimiteds, which Muncy had driven throughout his



A grandpa at 49, Muncy has won five titles.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

25-year career, the cockpit is directly behind the engine, which exposes the driver to 200° heat in which to enjoy the noise and fumes. Up front, the driver's visibility is better and the ride not so jarring, but it took all of last year for Muncey to get the feel of the boat from that position. "It was a muscling experience," he says. "There was nothing very esthetic about it. This year I hope to be a little more artistic. Something along the lines of a Rembrandt in the Gold Cup."

A Rembrandt? In a thunderboat? Well, maybe a Warhol. But make no mistake, in the art of driving unlimiteds, Bill Muncey is unequalled. As a member of arch rival Budweiser's crew said after Muncey turned a Gold Cup record-tying 128.338 mph in qualifying, "He's not perfect. He's got weaknesses just like everyone else. It's just that nobody's happened to find one yet." Well, maybe one small one. *Miss Bud* then went out and qualified fractionally faster.

Thus, *Atlas Van Lines*' stiffest competition for the Gold Cup was expected to come from *Miss Budweiser*. Last sea-

son pretty much belonged to the two boats—not coincidentally, the two with the heaviest sponsorship money. With 10 teams qualifying consistently, *Miss Budweiser* and *Atlas Van Lines* won every race in 1977—*Miss Bud* taking three and *Atlas* six. *Miss Budweiser* won the national championship on the basis of total points, however, having finished every heat it started—a thundering first for the sport. The rivalry between the two boats is all the more intriguing because of the principals involved—Muncey, and *Miss Bud*'s owner, Bernie Little.

Muncey may be the sport's winningest driver, but Little is the winningest owner, his boats having collected 28 trophies in 16 years, including three Gold Cups and four national titles. "Bernie is a professional hustler," Muncey says, "but he's done more for this sport in the way of promotion than anyone, including me."

Little's motto is "If you're going to do it, do it right," but to his acute dismay, *Miss Budweiser* hasn't been doing much of anything right in 1978. She was fourth in Miami and was one of the hapless boats

that sat dead in the water while Muncey completed the course alone. Then in Detroit, after one close loss to *Atlas Van Lines*, *Miss Bud* sat on her trailer for the finals with the broken sponsor. Things were so dismal that even before the Gold Cup, Little had contracted for the building of a boat like the one Lucero designed for Muncey, but only after offering to buy Muncey's. "Bernie's a great one to jump on a winner," Muncey says.

But his only hope for a glimpse of the 1978 Gold Cup was if Muncey had offered to take him piggyback. In Sunday's third heat, *Miss Budweiser* was leading—until she hit a submerged log and broke the same sponsor she had shattered in Detroit. Muncey then cruised to an easy victory in the finals, averaging 104.68 mph, while *Miss Bud* sat out another race on her trailer. A game, if disheartened, Little allowed, "We haven't had bad luck. We haven't had any luck at all." But even if *Miss Bud* had been running full blast, it would have taken a brewery full of luck to defeat Muncey this time around.

She's no longer a golfer, she's an event, but the dazzling Lopez has kept her cool, thanks in part to a very savvy caddy named Roscoe **by FRANK DEFORD**

Nancy Lopez' hotel room is some kind of mess; clothes, clippings, cosmetics and candy Kisses, on account of this week happens to be Hershey, Pa. The PR man, exhausted from suddenly having to front for the eighth wonder of the world, flops on one bed. The guy from the country club, with pictures for Nancy to sign, stands in a clearing in the middle of the floor. The caddy is rounding up shoes and golf clubs and candy and today's swag. The first observation Nancy has about being famous is, "It's funny, but the more money I make, the more presents people give me."

The phone is ringing again. She picks her way through the forest of telegraphed roses and over some utter stranger who has found a seat on the floor. But what are you going to do? The day before, as she was getting dressed, three women reporters came in to watch and get a new angle. Luckily, today Nancy has just lost a tournament by 15 strokes; otherwise, she might be in some demand.

She talks on the phone standing up, there being no place to put anything down, herself included. She is a pack rat, but this is ridiculous. Growing up, the one rule was that she had to keep a neat room. Her father, Domingo, who has a third-grade education and an auto-body shop in Roswell, N. Mex., would not let her work. He would not even permit her to do the dishes. "No, Mama," he would tell Nancy's mother. "These hands are meant for golf." For five years she wore braces he could not afford. "Mama, she got to," Domingo said. "Our Nancy's gonna be a public figure." But at least she had to keep her room neat. Her father brought her up to be a champion, and her mother brought her up to be a lady; together they raised her as royalty, the countess of golf, *la condesa*, and she was just that in May of 1978 at age 21, and then she blows right by it in June to become the whole sport of women's golf.

Even a countess can be expected to keep a neat room, but it is difficult for a person to manage that when her room contains a whole damn sport.

Nancy puts the phone down and sighs. "This is for the chairman," the guy with the pictures says. "Oh, he'll love this, Nancy."

"Think they'll want us back next year?" asks the PR man, Chip Campbell. All of a sudden Campbell is a bear with a ginger snap. A year and a half publicizing the Ladies Professional Golf Association, trying to scare up any stuff with a type-writer, patiently spelling R-a-n-k-i-n and P-o-s-t and other such difficult big names—and, hey, now they just turned down the *Today* show. Couldn't fit it in. *Good Morning, America* is here. The *Sunday Times* of London is here. A gentleman from Tokyo is downstairs, re-searching a 30-part series on Nancy Lopez. Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln* didn't take 30 parts. NBC won this week's right to break into its baseball game with Nancy updates. Flash: Nancy is now only nine strokes off the pace. We'll be back in half an hour with an up-to-date report. CBS and ABC bid unsuccessfully for this scoop. It's like the Olympics.

"To tell you the truth," says the country-club guy to Campbell, "a few weeks ago it was only 50-50 we'd want you [the tournament] back at all." A few weeks ago was just before Nancy Lopez became the whole sport. "Now it's, you know, 99-44% sure for '79. It looks like the chocolate people want in, and we'll triple the purse." Campbell makes a funny sound, swallowing another canary. Nancy signs all the photos. "Oh thank you, Nancy, thank you, dear," the man from the country club says. He kisses her and backs out of the room.

As its beneficiary, the Hershey tournament has the Harrisburg Hospital. Last year the tournament drew 7,000 people and cleared \$9,000. Two weeks ago

34,000 came out, including several who watched the winner, whoever that was. It looks as if the hospital will bank well over \$50,000, so Nancy made them 40 grand, which is not bad. And if she can do that for a hospital, think what she can do for ladies' golf. Think what she can do for Nancy Lopez. "We're looking strictly for the six-figure affiliations," is what one of her management men lets on, sotto voce.

The PR man has got to get things organized. "We have to work out this schedule," he says. The phone rings. "It's my seester," Nancy says, putting on an accent. "Hey, beeg seester, I love you."

The caddy fumbles through her golf bag. Notwithstanding his name, which is Roscoe Jones, and his haircut, which is an Afro, he is a white guy, age 26, out of Medina, Ohio. "They want everything of hers they can get their hands on," he says. Since Nancy has become the sport, Roscoe has collected enough in caddy fees out of her purses to move up among



NANCY WITH THE LAUGHING FACE



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

the leaders of the LPGA money winners and, after each round, when Nancy is finished with her press audience, Roscoe himself is ushered to the microphones, there to entertain with deadpan one-liners. They go like this, on the order of Rochester digging into Mister Benny.

NANCY: *I didn't like anything about that hole.*

ROScoe: *Hey, don't tell 'em you didn't like the green, because I know you didn't find it all week.*

Meanwhile, back in Nancy's hotel room, she is saying, "I gotta go, seester. I love you."

And Roscoe is saying, "They want her tees, gloves, balls, anything." And the PR man is saying, "Indianapolis. When are you going to get Taco Belle's car to Indianapolis?" LPGA competitors are not that far removed from a time when they spent the day before a tournament personally roping off the course, then rushing down to the Lions Club to talk

to 32 guys at lunch. Most of them are still delighted to go far out of their way on a Monday to pick up a few bucks playing athletic geishas at some businessmen's outing. While Nancy Lopez has been setting the Western world on fire, she and Roscoe have been driving the interstates each week like a couple of truckers, jabbering with the other geargrinders on the CB, where Nancy passes as Jive Cooke.

This time, at last, she is going to test a couple of days and then fly. "I'm not lettin' her have her clubs till Thursday," Roscoe says, sucking on a Michelob. "She's worn out, and they can't make her play if I got her clubs, and nobody knows where I'm at."

"I love you, too, Delma," Nancy says on the phone to her sister.

"Hey, I looked into this, Chip," Roscoe says. "Get this. I can get a thousand NANCY'S NAVY buttons for \$150. Give 'em out to the kids."

"I'll call you when I find out where I'll be... yes, goodbye... yes, I love you, too, Delma."

"Hey, I love you, too, Delma," Roscoe screams. "Now get off the phone, Lopes." A lot of Nancy's friends call her Lopes, like ropes.

"In San Francisco, we're going to have a giveaway Visor Day," Campbell goes on. "That's going to blow the minds of all those old people in golf. All the demographics show that men's and women's golf only gets older people. Nancy's getting the kids."

"That's what I'm sayin', Chip," Roscoe says. "It's the kids want all her tees, all her gloves, all her..."

"I love you, too."

"A thousand for \$150."

"Goodbye, Delma." Nancy hangs up.

"Hey, Lopes, my money," Roscoe says, and they hug over how much she owes him. Now that Nancy has financial representatives, the Mark McCormack

continues

juggernaut, she doesn't pay bills the way normal people do. All the bills go to Cleveland, where some computer in an eyeshade handles them. But Nancy still pays Roscoe herself, one-on-one. So she sits down on the end of the bed and pulls out her checkbook. This is probably why Roscoe and his boss get along so well, because there is nobody between them. She fired him a couple of months ago because he was too critical of her, but after a couple of beers he had the good sense to petition for reinstatement, and she took him back. "She was right to fire me," Roscoe says. "It got to the point where she was trying to hit the shots for me, and you can't do that." But he keeps her honest.

The next few years of Nancy's life will be a scrimmage with all the slickies trying to help her by getting between her and the silly little things and people she used to have in her life. Golf—any sport—is a game of inches, right? And

do you know what being a celebrity is? It is a game of minutes. Nobody ever asks for more than five or 10, but that is how you get nickel-dimed into slumps and breakdowns.

"Now, let's get Indianapolis straight," Campbell says.

"What do I have?" Nancy asks.

"The press conference, the . . ."

"Can I do it real late afternoon?"

"Not real late, because you've got a tape with CBS, the Sports Spectacular, then, and if you don't get there till Wednesday, we've got to shift the Sports Illustrated photographer, because we gave him Tuesday evening when the light would be right."

"Oh yeah," Nancy says.

"But you can hide here till Wednesday morning."

Nancy smiles. This will be nice, because she has found herself a swain in Hershey with a real he-min physique.

She turns to Roscoe. "O.K., so when will I see you in Indiana?"

"Thursday. I don't want you to have them clubs till then."

Nancy thinks about that for just a moment, and then, pouting, she squeals, "Thursday! Thursday! I'm getting in Wednesday! I'll be stuck there without my car!" It is a small break, just a silly little edge to her voice, really, but the caddie and the PR man are stunned to silence because, as small as the outburst is, it is practically the first time she has even remotely lost control since she became women's golf.

Roscoe stares down at her and then, slowly, intently, he walks to her, and he lowers himself to look directly into her face, holding himself just inches before her eyes, his hands on the end of the bed. "A car?" Roscoe says. "A car? Don't you understand, Lopez? You are a star now. You are a superstar! You want a car in Indiana, you ask for a car. Tell 'em what kind. They will get it for you. Tell 'em what color." His voice has risen, and now he pauses and speaks softly: "Don't you understand

who you are now, Lopez? You . . . are . . . Nancy . . . Lopez."

She does not reply. They only look into each other's eyes, and then he pushes himself up and drains the Michelob. Across Nancy Lopez' face creeps a small smile. It is not the public one she flashes on the course. It is, instead, a private expression of understanding. She will not have to be informed of these truths again. In a few weeks she has gone from being Nancy Lopez, to star, to big star, to the Nancy Lopez. There will be no more privacy and very little time.

When she rises a moment later, it is as this new person. By the next day, with a good night's sleep, she can even explain it all very easily. "People are not going to expect me to win all the time," she says. "But I can see now that they are always going to believe in me."

What an amazing thing to fathom at such a young age; what an awesome thing to sense.

Endlessly, Nancy Lopez has been compared to Arnold Palmer. To be sure, Palmer was a vital popular hero, but when he checked in for glory, around 1958, men's golf already enjoyed great goodwill and was, by all odds, first among individual sports. The President won landslide elections on the links, and nobody had ever heard of the Beatles, professional tennis or exercise for women. Golf was a middle-aged man's game in a middle-aged country, played by people wearing Perry Como sweaters.

By contrast, the sport that is Nancy Lopez in 1978 has a great deal to overcome. Among women's athletics it has been altogether eclipsed by tennis, not only because of Billie Jean and Chris Evert, but also because tennis—and running and gymnastics and basketball—is properly strenuous, and thus in tune with the women's movement, its goals and propaganda alike.

Women's golf has also suffered more for its sex than have other female sports. Until well into this century women were denied admission to many golf clubs—these havens being celebrated by male-wielding misogynists as "Eveless Edens." For golf is, after all, the very essence of male camaraderie, men in groups, the modern substitute for the hunt, that most masculine of all human endeavors. The 19th hole is as important and fundamental as any of the first 18, and betting is so much a part of the scene that golf has long since become the equivalent

On the tee at Hershey, Pa., Nancy and Roscoe keep in touch.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

alent of an ambulatory poker night out.

It is not surprising, then, that female golfers—intruders—suffer more personal, abusive forms of criticism. Innuendos about lesbianism wound the LPGA the deepest, especially since it must depend upon country-club venues and values. On the defensive, the LPGA has tried to play up its *sultrier* members—from the sweater-gal heyday of the Bauer sisters and right on along to the present, when a 38 and a 37 are more likely to mean Jan [Stephenson] and Laura [Baugh] than three over par.

But looks do count, in the LPGA as in Sigma Chi, and Nancy's are almost perfect for her part. She is not a raving beauty but, then, neither was the gentleman from Latrobe a matinee idol. Arnold Palmer was attractive and virile. Nancy Lopez is attractive and vibrant. She is 5' 4½" tall, a fluctuating 135 to 140 pounds, down from a chilburgered high of 170. She is big-boned and busty, with dark brown eyes and hair, and teeth that catch the sun and reflect her joy. "It is not just that Nancy is pretty," says Betsy Rawls, the LPGA Hall of Famer. "It is that she is pretty in everything she does."

On the course, there are two alternating Nancys. The one on the fairway strides along, her face intent; invariably she steps out alone, Roscoe in her wake. But once she has reached the green, she steps with a soft elegance and smiles a lot, however good or bad she lies, and, often as not, she will sit down with Roscoe to laugh.

The character of her gallery, when every eye is on her, is manifestly different from the smaller platoons that follow other players. Nancy's gallery is younger, often lacking in proper links etiquette, and emits shriller sounds. Nancy's people tend to give a wide berth to hard-core golf fans, who shout things at the ball like "Bite!", "Hurry, hurry!" and "Get legs!"

In the middle of all this, Lopez remains utterly in control. It is not that she blocks out distractions, for in fact she quite adores attention; her father, Domingo of the East Second Body Shop, Roswell, recalls that when she was a child, her game would pick up if the driver of a passing vehicle would slow to watch her hit a ball. On her face one never reads anything but her father's creative advice: "Play happy."

Mickey Wright, no doubt the greatest female golfer of the modern era, marvels

at her successor's apparent composure. "Never in my life have I seen such control in someone so young," she says.

And yet, despite this natural self-assurance and an ongoing string of successes stretching back to her first tournament win, by 110 strokes at the age of nine, Lopez has made a quantum golfing jump in the last few months—one which extends quite beyond her own comprehension. Sometimes now she finds herself making shots that she never conceived of. "It's really weird," she says, as if somebody else had climbed into her skin and done these magical things.

But even now she is hardly above doubt. Nancy turned pro last July and there were a number of second places before she finally won an LPGA tournament. Only a few months ago she would literally lie awake nights "wondering how I would react if ever I got the lead." She feared, mostly, that she would cave in, for she admits that too often then she played the prevailing LPGA style—trying to avoid bogeys rather than going for birdies. Considering how much golf affects her whole life, it is not surprising that she played it safe in other ways, too. Succumbing to the loneliness that plagues so many traveling women athletes, she agreed to marry her college sweetheart, even though she well understood that this would divide her devotions and deny golf what she calls "mind time."

It was last Sept. 29 when Nancy's mother, Marina, died—with little warning—following an appendectomy. The grievous hurt was deepened, somehow made impossibly, unfairly worse by her certainty that Marina Lopez had been robbed of her life—and her sacrifice, too—just as the ship was to come in.

Nancy looks up, talking about this. It is odd, given her happy public aspect, but in fact her eyes are naturally mournful. Never was that more apparent. "I don't know what my mother's death did to me," she says, "except that somehow it made me more powerful mentally." And thus the question of how she would react when she got the lead was answered at last in February, in Sarasota, Fla., when she walked down the 72nd fairway, a stroke ahead, tears streaming down her face, thinking of her mother. She did not lose that lead.

That was the first, and the avalanche was about to begin: six more wins, in-

cluding five in a row, and in that string the LPGA Championship in June. Total money winnings: \$154,366—a record for a rookie, man or woman.

Along the way, Nancy called off her engagement. It had nothing to do with her fiancé, really. It was just, as she told him: "Now I know what I can do..." She could win. She could go for the flag. So now Nancy is alone. Her older sister, Delma, has tried to assume something of a mother's role, but she is a housewife with her own family in California. Her father was a natural athlete who could teach her golf, but however street-smart he may be, there is no way he can educate her in the school of marketing and sex-figure affiliations that she has been ushered into.

So no matter how bright, how independent, how surprisingly mature, she is as vulnerable as any young person alone, and more vulnerable because she is a young woman in a man's world. "Nancy is the most beautiful person," says Mickey Wright. "She can only help us. But I just hope that all of this won't be harmful to her in the long run. I just hope there will still be times when everyone will back off and let her be 21 again."

The pressure upon Lopez will be especially excruciating, though, because women's golf now depends upon her. Golf is a sport that needs a popular champion for everyone to shoot at. In other games the competitors take on each other head up. In golf, they must match themselves against an arbitrary standard, and whenever some Andy North wins a big one, there is a feeling of being cheated because it doesn't seem sufficient that he won without having to knock the champion off. He just beat a piece of ground. In women's golf, the standard is somehow diminished even more, because no matter what the players do, it is easy to say, "So what?" Nicklaus drove the same green from the back tees. Watson shot a 66. When Evie plays Gologong it is not, of course, on the level of Berg vs. Connors, but the competition is absorbing for its own sake.

However, if women's golf has *la condesa*, the scores don't matter and the men don't matter. It all becomes a question of is Nancy Lopez winning, or, just as good, is someone beating Nancy Lopez? She has become not merely a superstar, but also the standard. Do you understand, Lopez? Do you understand what you are now?

END

In the past five years members of California's Mission Viejo swim club have won 48 national titles. Their mission nuevo for the next two years is Moscow

THEY'RE POOLING THEIR TALENT

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

It is 7:02 a.m. and Mark Schubert is annoyed. "Shut up!" he snaps at two girls, still half-asleep but jabbering on the deck of the 50-meter pool. The girls fall silent. Within seconds they and their 60-odd teammates on the national team of the Mission Viejo swim club are in the water, swimming laps, but Schubert is still frowning. "Move it," he yells to nobody—and everybody—in particular. Practice was supposed to start at 7 o'clock and two minutes have been lost forever. To socializing.

Schubert's top swimmers spend five hours every day in the water and another hour lifting weights. They work out twice a day, six days a week, 11 months a year. During the school year the first workout begins at 5:30 a.m. at Mission Viejo High and swimmers can be seen slumped in their cars in the parking lot, catching a few last winks in the lifting darkness. Even now, summertime, when

all workouts have shifted to the Mission Viejo International Swim Complex and morning sessions start at the more civilized hour of seven, the regimen guarantees a long day. Swimmers finish the first workout at 9:30, then return to the pool at 4 p.m. to lift weights before going into the water again at five. At 7:30, Schubert signals the end of the session by flipping vitamin tablets to his spent athletes. Still in the water, they lunge at the offerings with open mouths, like seals going after fish.

But these swimmers at the peak of the club's pyramid are not the only ones expending energy in Mission Viejo, Calif., a planned community of 43,000 occupying a stretch of hilly Orange County 50 miles south of Los Angeles. The club has 550 members all told and the swimmers on the lower rungs walk, bicycle or are car-pooled to workouts at the high school and at the 25-yard pools in the Montanoso and Sierra recreation centers as well as in the main complex. There are novice groups, a bewildering array of age-group sessions—the 9-10s with the 11-12s, for example—and also senior "B" and "C" groups. And there are learn-to-swim classes for children as young as 4. What all these groups have in common is a no-nonsense approach decreed from on high by Schubert. "The stars have to toe the line and set an example for the younger kids," he says. "The younger kids have to toe the line because they're the future stars."

Contrary to what some rivals say, Mission Viejo swimmers aren't always drilled until they drop and they don't automatically turn into champions as soon as they don their blue-and-gold sweat suits. It only seems that way.

The Mission Viejo Nadadores dominate most levels of swimming in the U.S., turning out age-group record holders and

world-beaters alike. This was the home club of Shirley Babashoff, the now retired queen of American swimming. It remains the summer club of the sport's reigning glamour boy, UCLA sophomore Brian Goodell, the 1976 Olympic gold medalist and world-record holder in the 400- and 1,500-meter freestyles. And of American record holders Jesse Vassallo (400-yard individual medley) and Alice Browne (800-meter freestyle). And AAU champions Dawn Rodighiero, Valerie Lee and Jennifer Hooker. Then there is Mission Viejo's foreign contingent, which this summer includes Australian backstroke Mark Tonelli, a fourth-place finisher in Montreal (and an AAU champion), and Olympic bronze medalist Enith Brigitha of the Netherlands. In all, nine Olympians from four countries are training in Mission Viejo. As though that were not enough, the Nadadores also have a new diving team, whose impressive ranks include Jennifer Chandler, the 1976 gold medalist in the three-meter event, and Greg Louganis, the silver medalist in the tower.

Mission Viejo's swimmers and divers keep the water roiling in six pools around town. The hub of this activity, the International Swim Complex, consists of a 50-meter pool, a 25-yard warmup pool, a diving well and a carpeted weight room. There, beneath a hillside bedecked with marigolds arranged in outsized letters spelling *MISSION VIEJO*, Goodell & Company can be seen swimming laps while Chandler & Company arch gracefully through the air. The site is also used for major meets, including the annual Mission Viejo Invitational, national Masters and age-group championships and last year's AAU long-course nationals.

Obviously, there is something special happening below Mission Viejo's marigolds. The U.S. has long been

continued

The 50-meter pool at the International Swim Complex is Mission Viejo's busy centerpiece



the world's leading swimming power, thanks in large part to go-getting community swim clubs that compete strongly with the baseball and football coaches for the good young athletes. These clubs are typically put together by upper-middle-class swim parents, whoicker with the coaches but who also pay dues, sponsor bake sales and wrangle enough dollars from local tire dealers and soft-drink distributors to keep the clubs going. Mission Viejo is different. The Nadadores are formally co-sponsored by a boosters club consisting mainly of parents. But the other sponsor—and the club's founder—is the Mission Viejo Company, the high-powered land-development firm that built the town. Now a \$150-million-a-year subsidiary of Philip Morris Inc., the Mission Viejo Company remains a commanding presence in the unincorporated community. Leaving police and fire protection to Orange County, it builds and runs recreational facilities and parcels out new housing developments. And it gets involved in zoning, landscaping and other civic matters.

It also throws its corporate weight behind swimming. First, the Mission Viejo

Company built and freely makes available all the pools used by the Nadadores except the one at Mission Viejo High, thus sparing the club the need to scrounge for pool time the way other teams do. It also provides operating funds. The Mission Viejo swim club is a \$250,000-a-year enterprise, with \$100,000 coming from dues and \$50,000 from the boosters club. Another \$100,000 is united up by the Mission Viejo Company. Such corporate largesse is unheard of at the club level in swimming, to say nothing of less favored amateur sports.

The responsibility of finding ways to spend all that money is solemnly discharged by Schubert, the Nadadores' aquatics director and head swim coach. An upstart, like Mission Viejo itself, the 29-year-old Schubert is just six years removed from obscurity as a high school coach in Ohio. Blond, lean and beach-boyish, Schubert says "super" a lot, likes to bodysurf and cuts a dashing figure at the wheel of a blue Porsche 928 outfitted with radar detector, CB radio (his handle is "Water Wings") and license plates reading *scumms*.

But Schubert is not just another sun-

struck Southern California playboy. "I've got a super deal, the best club situation in swimming," he says, and he plainly means to take advantage of these enviable circumstances. Schubert leaves his club's lesser swimmers in the care of seven assistants but takes personal charge of the national team. He loads down this select bunch with more of everything—work, discipline, innovations. A taskmaster even by swimming's notorious standards, Schubert makes his athletes log more laps and lift more weights than those on any other swim team in the U.S., but he wields the carrot as well as the stick. He has sent his swimmers to train in New Zealand and Brazil, not to mention the Soviet Union, whose swimmers have a cozy relationship with the corporate-financed club from conservative Orange County. The Soviet national team worked out under Schubert in Mission Viejo during a California tour in late 1976 and 16 Nadadores trained alongside U.S.S.R. swimmers in Moscow and Leningrad last fall. The trip to Russia was billed as a technical exchange but Schubert also saw it as a chance to let his bloodhounds sniff the quarry. "With the



Brian Goodell started at Mission Viejo when he was nine, went on to become a gold medalist at Montreal and appears headed for greater glory in Moscow.

"80 Olympics in Moscow, going to Russia couldn't help but psych my kids up," he says.

Schubert placed six swimmers on the 1976 U.S. Olympic team, more than any other coach. Last summer he had seven swimmers on the U.S. team that won dual meets against the East Germans in Berlin and the Soviets in Leningrad. Mission Viejo swimmers won a total of eight events in those two meets. In the past five years the Nadadores have amassed 48 individual and relay titles at national AAU championships. Owing largely to Schubert's arduous, distance-oriented training program, they have been relatively weak in the sprints but devastating in the longer races, which they demonstrated in last year's AAU meet in their own pool. As the home folks cheered, Alice Browne won the 1,500 in a then world-record 16:24.60. What's more, she led teammates Jennifer Hooker, Valerie Lee, Kim Black and Tracey Wickham to a stunning 1-2-3-4-5 Mission Viejo sweep.

In August, Schubert's team will take part in the 1978 long-course championships in Woodlands, Texas. The Nadadores will be going after their eighth women's team title in the last nine AAU meets as well as their fifth straight overall (men's and women's) title. And they will be challenging Florida Aquatics for the men's title. They also will be after positions on the U.S. team that will compete in the World Aquatic Championships later that month in West Berlin.

The Nadadores hope to be represented in West Berlin in diving, too, assuming that Chandler, Lougans and some of their talented teammates perform up to snuff in the AAU diving meet next month in—ah, yes—Mission Viejo. When the movers and shakers at the Mission Viejo Company decided to get into diving last year they went after one of the sport's top coaches, Ron O'Brien, who during his 15 years at Ohio State turned out a host of collegiate and Olympic champions. Chandler among them O'Brien accepted, arriving this May. "This is a first-class operation," he enthuses, echoing Schubert. "When these people move, they move." Having already assembled a strong contingent of world-class divers, O'Brien also contemplates making a big splash in age-group diving. However, the age-group program has been slow getting started.

"It's going to take a while finding the



Mission Viejo's coach is Mark Schubert, 29, whose methods have been praised and criticized

right kids," O'Brien concedes. "This is because everybody is a town with any athletic ability is into swimming."

It is hard to believe about such a settled place but the swim-mad community O'Brien is talking about did not even exist 15 years ago. Indeed, until the early 1960s, the spot where Mission Viejo now stands was inhabited mainly by cattle. But then the Mission Viejo Company arrived with its bulldozers and big ideas and began covering the dual-colored hills with split-level houses, laying out sweeping parkways—which they graced with street lamps shaped like mission bells—and planting exotic trees and lush shrubbery. When it came to naming things, Mission Viejo's developers broke out their Spanish-English dictionaries. The

result was Oso Parkway and Via Viento and the La Paz Medical Center in addition to restaurant rest-room doors inscribed Señores and Señoras.

Today Mission Viejo is a thriving community teeming with joggers, churchgoers and voters who went for Proposition 13. Its residents shop in well-stocked supermarkets and fly Old Glory even when it is not the Fourth of July. They haul their boats either to the Pacific 10 miles away or to man-made Lake Mission Viejo, the town's new mile-long adornment. They know that the sun always (well, usually) shines and that last year's bitter five-day school strike was only a fleeting intrusion on their serenity. The median income in Mission Viejo is \$26,000 and the average home costs about \$100,000.

continued

It is a well-scrubbed place, a Hans Christian Andersen village uprooted, touched up with palm trees and late-model cars and gently set down alongside the San Diego Freeway.

The most improbable thing about Mission Viejo, though, is its emergence as a hotbed—make that the hotbed—of American swimming. What makes this doubly remarkable is that when the Mission Viejo Company started the Nadadores it did not have big-time swimming in mind. The company was building recreation centers for tennis and swimming, and a swim club seemed a suitable “activity.”

The only youngster among the 40 original Nadadores who knew how to swim butterfly was 9-year-old Brian Goodell, whose father, an engineer, had moved the family to the new community of 5,000 for business reasons. Brian had swam with a club up north in Walnut Creek, Calif., and his first love was football, but his lack of size was turning into a handicap.

In those early days, the Nadadores were so bad that other clubs in Orange County refused to swim dual meets with them. As the new town grew, the club improved. By 1972 it was a respectable age-group team of 120 swimmers, mostly aged 7 to 14. Houses were selling briskly and the Mission Viejo Company was being acquired by Philip Morris. In this expansive atmosphere, a decision was made to build a 50-meter pool to go with the 25-yard Montanoso and Sierra pools then being used. Still, if the company had been really serious about swimming, it would have hired an experienced coach.

Instead, it hired Schubert. The son of a vice-president of the big Akron-based trucking company, Roadway Express Inc., Schubert had been a breaststroker at the University of Kentucky and then returned to Ohio as the high school coach in Cuyahoga Falls. There he pushed so hard for pool time that a city recreation official told him in exasperation, “You’re going to be a great coach, Mark, but not in Cuyahoga Falls.” Schubert took the Nadadores job, exacting a promise that the company would defray travel expenses for anybody who qualified for the nationals, something no Mission Viejo swimmer had yet done. “With the new pool and the corporate backing, I could see the possibilities even then,” Schubert says.

Schubert introduced the Nadadores to



Jason Gledhill had the golden touch in Montreal and fellow diver Greg Louganis won a silver medal.

two-a-day and weekend practices. He imposed tough new rules, which he insisted on calling “traditions.” He locked swimmers out if they were even a minute late for practice. He made them keep logbooks. They had to raise their hands to visit the bathroom—and why didn’t they take care of that before workout? But Schubert’s most startling move was to ban parents from the pool deck.

“This was because of a weakness on my part,” he explains today. “If parents are around, I’d be tempted to talk to them. It would be a distraction.”

Schubert obviously was emboldened by the fact that his salary was paid by Mission Viejo Company and not, as in many clubs, by parents. But he pushed

through his changes all at once and it almost cost him his job. Parents staged protest meetings and a lot of swimmers quit. One morning a burly father stormed the deck of the new 50-meter pool to complain about the coach’s treatment of his son. Schubert wishes people would stop talking about what happened during the ensuing argument but it is unlikely that any of the swimmers doing laps that day will ever forget it. The man threw the fully clothed Schubert into the pool.

Schubert expelled his assailant’s son from the club. He also somehow hung onto his job. It helped that Goodell and others were improving under the brush coach. It helped, too, that established swimmers, looking for a challenging pro-

gram, were discovering the Nadadores. One development in particular secured Schubert's position. In late 1973 a band of muscular East German women took awesome command of the first World Aquatic Championships in Belgrade, stunning the American women, who until then had pretty much ruled world swimming. One of the Americans, 16-year-old Shirley Babashoff, was further demoralized by the fact that Flip Durr, her coach, was disbanding his club. Forced to shop around, another of Durr's swimmers, Bruce Furniss, tried Mission Viejo and left in a hurry, telling friends, "I'm not raising my hand to go to the bathroom." But Babashoff joined and stayed, driving the 30 miles from her home in Fountain Valley twice a day—in all, counting both round trips, 120 miles a day for Shirley and her blue Ford. "It was worth it," Babashoff now says. "After Belgrade, I needed something strict like Mark's program."

Convinced that the East German women owed their muscles and explosiveness to weight training, Schubert stepped up Mission Viejo's weight program. Babashoff, a stringbean when she joined the Nadadores, quickly fleshed out. Meanwhile, other women followed her to Mission Viejo and Schubert put them on weights, too. At the 1974 AAU long-course nationals in Concord, Calif., Babashoff led the Nadadores to the women's team title, upsetting the Santa Clara Swim Club, which had won eight straight women's titles. Mission Viejo had become the country's top women's power.

This thrust the Nadadores into the forefront of the U.S. battle against the East German women, an uphill struggle that continues to the present. The GDR *Wundermädchen* are products of their country's state-subsidized sports system, which makes U.S.-style bake sales and car washes seem woefully inadequate. The American men remain No. 1 in the world mainly because most of them are college swimmers who enjoy what amounts to subsidies—scholarships—of their own. On the other hand, women swimmers, unlike men, tend to mature while still in high school and competing for hometown clubs.

Schubert has tried to marshal Mission Viejo's resources to fight the East Germans on their own terms. For example, in 1976 he was able to turn over second-rank swimmers on his national team to

assistants, freeing him to coach personally only the 19 Nadadores who qualified for the Olympic Trials, a coach-to-athlete ratio close to that found in GDR clubs (and far below the 100-plus swimmers routinely handled by many American club coaches). Taking another leaf from the East German book, Schubert had daily blood tests administered to his Olympic hopefuls to monitor cell counts for stress. But he did not merely ape the East Germans. Traditionally, swimmers have gone out hard in distance races and hung on, seldom swimming the second half faster than the first. But Schubert believed that swimming the second half faster—"negative-split" pacing—was the most efficient and least risky way to attack a long race. Babashoff and the rapidly improving Goodell generally covered the second half of races faster than the first, and it was largely owing to Schubert's influence that negative-split swimming became accepted strategy. In fact, this was one wrinkle that the East Germans would copy from him.

Goodell's two gold medals in Montreal were the only victories by a high school boy in the 13-event men's Olympic program that was otherwise swept, remarkably, by NCAA swimmers. Babashoff, however, fell victim to the GDR's Petra Thümer, who upset her in the 400 and 800 free, beating her at her own negative-split game. Entered in seven Olympic events, Babashoff won three silvers and a relay gold but not the individual gold she wanted. In her disappointment she bad-mouthed the East Germans and refused to congratulate them, so distressing U.S. swim officials that they sent GDR star Kornelia Ender a dozen roses by way of apology.

"Shirley would have done better in the 400 and 800 if she hadn't been training for those other events," Schubert says today. "But how could you know at the time? She was confident and enthusiastic and you hate to discourage that in an athlete." Schubert will not comment on Babashoff's lack of sportsmanship in Montreal but he is known to have been pained by it. Yet he apparently never suggested to her that she might consider congratulating the East Germans.

Babashoff retired in January 1977, and Schubert feels that the Nadadores have since matured as a club. "We were always identified with Shirley," he explains. "When she left, some of the other kids realized they could win, too."

Schubert's club works like an assembly line, with swimmers moving smartly through the ranks until the best of them reach the national team. The man who keeps things clicking further down the line is the head age-group coach, Pat Burch, a moonlighting elementary-school teacher who shares Schubert's belief in discipline. One afternoon while overseeing 50 swimmers, mostly 11- and 12-year-olds, at the eight-lane Sierra pool, Burch hauled three of them out of the pool in the space of 10 minutes, a girl for malingering and two boys for getting into a shoving match while swimming laps. "With this many kids, you've got to rule with an iron fist," Burch said, sighing, when the session was over.

Schubert is sometimes accused of recruiting swimmers, but the truth is that he doesn't need to recruit. The swimmers come to him, propelled by the same impulse that sends aspiring actors to New York and true believers to Lourdes. The newcomers include prospects from two dozen or so families a year that move to Mission Viejo strictly for swimming. It often means that dad has to quit his job and find a new one, but this seems to be the least a loving parent can do to help the little gal or guy lower that 100 back-stroke time. "Swim families come in here all the time," says Bruce Smith, manager of one of Mission Viejo's Century 21 Real Estate offices. "They're not interested in floor plans or prices. All they care about is whether the house is near the pool."

Then there are the older, usually more established, swimmers who arrive on their own. They either commute from nearby points à la Babashoff or board with local families and, at least in some cases, attend Mission Viejo High. Boarders shell out \$200 a month in addition to their monthly dues of \$25 (if a swimmer's family belongs to one of Mission Viejo's recreation centers, the dues are \$15). Out of town swimmers also endure a great many hardships. Dawn Rodighiero, a breastroker from Calumet City, Ill., settled in with a congenial Mission Viejo family only to find herself allergic to the dog; the dog stayed and Dawn moved in with another family. For Jesse Vassallo, who arrived from Puerto Rico by way of Miami, life was tough in Mission Viejo until his English improved.

continued

notwithstanding all those Spanish place names. And Jennifer Hooker remembers being homesick for a while after arriving in Mission Viejo from her native Bloomington, Ind.

Rachael Mudgett's arrival in Mission Viejo a month ago was another example of the type of culture shock a young swimmer faces.

There she was, a 15-year-old schoolgirl from Minnesota, clad in sweats and standing on the deck of an unfamiliar pool. She had arrived from Minneapolis just the night before, yet she had already finished her first workout with the Nadadores. Or rather, she had finished part of that first workout.

"Mark allowed me to quit early," Rachael explained. "At home we do a lot less yardage and I'm not used to all the work they do here. And just look at all these great swimmers." She cast an anxious glance at the Olympians, American record holders and national champions who were churning through the water in front of her.

Rachael brightened a moment later. "It's my first trip to California," she said. "On the flight I was worried that nobody would be there to meet me in Los Angeles. But one of the coaches was waiting at the airport. He was wearing a shirt with *mission viejo* on it. Was I ever relieved to see him." Now her brown eyes were flashing. "I'm a backstroke and at home I was doing pretty well. But this is where you come to get really good. That's why I'm here. To get good."

As it turned out, Rachael decided to go back to Minnesota where swimming wouldn't dominate her every moment.

Mark Schubert's arduous workouts remain the biggest burden for any newcomer. "Swimming in Mission Viejo is like taking medicine," says Australia's Tonelli, who trains with the Nadadores during vacations from Alabama. "You may not like it, but it's good for you."

Goodell expressed a similar sentiment one recent evening. Another workout was over and he had taken his dog Patchies for a walk in the woods behind his house, a two-story dwelling with a basket over the garage door and scaffolding set up for an imminent paint job.

"When Mark came here nobody in the club liked him," Goodell said. "He was always yelling. But he kind of grows on you. Besides, he got the best out of us. Mark runs the toughest program in the country and sometimes I ask myself if

it's worth it. But I like to win and that's what it takes."

Schubert can still be brusque. Obsessed as always with the success of the GDR women, he reacts to the incessant jurisdictional disputes in U.S. amateur sports, to horseplay in the weight room and to whatever else vexes him by saying sharply, "You won't see the East Germans doing that." Before meets, he has removed the mouthpieces from phones in his swimmers' hotel rooms to keep them from gabbing. He strikes terror in the tenderhearted. "It's the way Mark looks at you that's scary," Dawn Rodighiero says, shuddering.

When the spirit moves him, Schubert also knows how to please. He sometimes lets swimmers frolic with fins during workouts and rewards honest effort with "get-out" days on which everyone goes home early. He runs swimmers—and sometimes their parents—through positive-image psychology classes that emphasize the importance of goal-setting and the visualizing of objectives. "The idea is that expectations have a lot to do with results, which I think is true," Schubert says. And he somehow minimizes the friction that unavoidably arises from so many gifted swimmers being in the same waters. "I want my kids to challenge each other. But if they challenge each other too much, I try to emphasize the team aspect." It is Schubert himself who usually leads the cheers at meets.

And he may be mellowing. He sometimes winks at tardiness nowadays and he jokes around a bit more on the pool deck. Certainly he has won over most of Mission Viejo's once hostile swim parents. From poolside, women with stopwatches can occasionally be seen lurking behind bushes, but these "shark mothers," as coaches call them, are the exceptions. "Parents shouldn't worry whether their kid's arm is crooked in the water," says Guy Barnicoat, whose children Cheryl and Steve are on Schubert's national team. "They should work behind the scenes setting up meets." Barnicoat, an aerospace engineering manager, does his part as the AAU national age-group chairman, as a PA announcer at major championships and as meet director for many of the swim events held in Mission Viejo.

Not everyone in Mission Viejo is quite as enthusiastic, of course. Motorists keep grumbling about traffic congestion caused by swim meets, and there are

teachers at Mission Viejo High who complain that swimmers miss too many classes because of trips. The school administration is behind Schubert on this issue. "A teacher will say, 'Gee, this swimmer is missing my world cultures class,'" scoffs Assistant Principal Bruce Taschner. "I'll say, 'World cultures class? The kid's going to Russia.'" It may or may not comfort these teachers that the school's boys' and girls' swim teams, made up mostly of Nadadores, have won *Swimming World* magazine's mythical national high school championship the last two years.

The Mission Viejo Company? Its officials seem quite satisfied at how nicely Mark Schubert and the Nadadores have done. Anything that draws home-buying newcomers to town is naturally fine with them and the publicity generated by the swim team also has prompted the town brass, their appetites whetted, to host those TV trashports shows like *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes*. Though the tie-in between tobacco and teen-age swimmers seems slightly awkward, the parent Philip Morris Inc. has publicly men hovering about at most big Mission Viejo events.

"We programmed an involvement in family-oriented swimming, not Olympic swimming," says Phil Reilly, president of the Mission Viejo Company, whose sons Kevin and Sean were original members of the Nadadores. "But now we have both. Swimming has become a very important amenity here."

Just how important was evident when officials of Reilly's firm met with coaches and parents to make arrangements for another of the swim meets regularly held at Mission Viejo. One problem that came under discussion was the need for three typists to update heat sheets during the meet.

"We could hire Kelly Garb," somebody suggested.

"Oh, no," another fellow replied, genuinely aghast. "We need somebody from the community, somebody with *esprit*."

And so it was that when the meet began, three women from Mission Viejo, presumably checked thoroughly and cleared for *esprit*, sat at a long table typing up heat sheets.

Inspired by Mission Viejo's example, rival swim clubs have been putting the arm on businesses for greater financial

continued

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*POE price for S-Model: \$6,395. For GS-Model shown: \$6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above \$250 extra.) Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-Wankel

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support. While there is not yet any U.S. Steel Floating Ingot Club around to give the East Germans pause, it was surely a sign of the ante being raised in American club coaching when John E. Dupont III, whose 50-meter indoor pool in suburban Philadelphia is used by the Foxcatcher swim club, recently hired UCLA's George Haines as the club's new coach at a reported annual salary of \$75,000. Other coaches have followed Schubert's lead in embracing weight training for women, negative-split pacing, blood testing and positive-image psychology. All of which prompts University of Alabama's Coach Don Gambrell to say, "Mark's probably done more for a man his age than anybody else ever involved in the sport."

Schubert also comes in for a certain amount of static. Detractors point out, accurately enough, that he emphasizes conditioning more than technique, free-style more than other strokes. They question why anybody should be so chummy with the Russians in one of the few sports in which the U.S. is still No. 1. And doesn't Schubert admire the East Germans a bit too much? Schubert also gets criticized for training foreigners who might, and sometimes do, beat American swimmers. He answers, characteristically, "Anything I do to get better swimmers into my program can only make the program better."

At issue, too, is Schubert's training regimen, which at one point last year amounted to 24,000 meters—or nearly 15 miles—a day. Schubert defends this workload by noting that his broad-based program tends to attract younger, high-school-age swimmers. "With younger kids, this kind of foundation is important," he says. "Swimming is an endurance sport and it's necessary to build cardiovascular stamina."

One who strongly disagrees is Dick Jochums, the coach at Long Beach State and at the Beach Swim Club. Jochums, who will become the University of Arizona's coach in September, holds daily workouts to 14,000 meters and eschews weights. He coaches Sullivan Award winner Tim Shaw and Olympic gold medalist Bruce Furniss, who joined the Long Beach club after fleeing the Nadadores. "Mark's kids are going to burn themselves out the way he's working them," warns Jochums. "You can't just keep doing more, more, more. There's such a thing as specificity of training, and such

a thing as sprint training, which Mark ignores. We have to find easier ways of doing things in this country."

Babashoff thrived on Schubert's workouts (even in defeat at Montreal, her 400 and 800 times were her best ever) and so, of course, has Goodell, whose recent triumphs have come at the expense of, among others, Jochums' protégé Shaw. Yet in the last few months two other Mission Viejo Olympians, Nicole Kramer and Casey Converse, have dropped out of swimming, complaining they lost interest. Nicole had just turned 16 and Converse was all of 20. There also is the case of Australian distance star Tracey Wickham, who trained under Schubert for seven months last year without improving her times. She returned home in December and two months later broke countrywoman Michelle Ford's world record in the 800 and Browne's in the 1,500. While Wickham no doubt benefited from the kind of foundation Schubert likes to talk about, some Nadadores speculate whether she might also have prospered with a little more rest than she was allowed in Mission Viejo.

The charge is that Schubert is doing what amounts to aquatic strip mining, extracting muggles like Babashoff and Goodell while laying waste the rest of the mountainside. Last April Tracy Caulkins, the U.S.' current one-woman gang, broke five American records to lead the Nashville Aquatics women to a 441-425 upset of Mission Viejo at the AAU short-course nationals in Austin, snapping the Nadadores women's win streak at seven. Caulkins trains shorter distances than Mission Viejo women, as does Cynthia Woodhead, the 14-year-old Riverside, Calif. distance swimmer who won the 500 and 1,650 in Austin. Mission Viejo's men swim well enough to give the Nadadores the overall team title even though some of the key women were ill. But several of the women were overweight and Schubert angrily banned Browne, Hooker and a couple of others until they had shed some pounds.

The banished swimmers dieted away the extra weight, gripping the whole time. Browne was the last one to return. On the afternoon she came back, she sat at poolside and gazed in the general direction of the candy machine across the way. "It's weird how Mark handled this," she said. "Like how are you supposed to lose

weight if you don't work out?" Confessing to a general weariness, she said, "There's a lot of pressure on you here. You have to keep up your reputation. Every workout is like a race."

Dick Jochums interpreted the weight problems as a sign that the Nadadores women were rebelling against Schubert's demanding workouts. Without admitting it, Schubert may have agreed. While enforcing the Great Bonbon Freeze, he also cut workouts down to the 20,000-meters-a-day level he maintained before the Olympics. "It's not a change in philosophy," he insisted. "Dick gets away with less yardage because he has older kids. What's changed for us is that our kids are getting older and we're taking in more college-age swimmers. So I'm becoming a little more specific in my training. But I still say it's not hard work that burns you out. It's losing."

The upcoming AAU meet will reveal whether Schubert's women can bounce back. Another uncertainty has to do with the fact that club coaching is a young man's game. The hours are long, the training year-round and the kids too numerous. Most good club coaches gravitate to college jobs, which is where you find the likes of Indiana's Doc Counsilman, USC's Peter Daland and Tennessee's Ray Bussard. Significantly, Schubert merely says that he has the best club situation in swimming and he showed some brief interest in a recent opening at the University of Texas, which was filled instead by Auburn's Eddie Reese. He also has been mentioned for the UCLA job, so he may not be around Mission Viejo forever.

At least for now, though, Schubert's heart belongs to the Nadadores. He is plotting a team trip to Japan and has invited the Soviet national team to visit Mission Viejo again in December. He had hoped to experiment this season with a lactic acid testing program purportedly used by East Germany, but shelved it for want of a \$35,000 piece of blood-analyzing equipment. But he says, "I still hope to try it soon." Last summer Schubert was the only club coach to tag along on the dual-meet trips to East Germany and Russia. On the all-night flight from Los Angeles to Frankfurt, as U.S. swimmers and the official team coaches slept, only one person in the packed cabin had his overhead light on. It was Schubert, poring over meet results. The light stayed on all night.



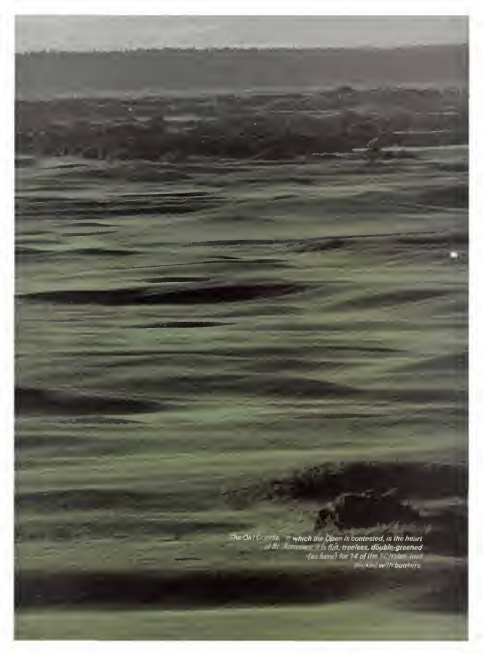
The spiritual home of golf is perched on a nose of Scotland poking out into the North Sea, a tranquil old town named for the first-century martyr who is shown in the seal at the left. Next week the British Open will return again to St. Andrews, conducted, as always, by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, whose headquarters are seen here in the Scottish summer gloaming. It is a mystic place. Twenty years ago Bobby Jones said, "I could take out of my life everything except my experiences at St. Andrews and I would still have a rich, full life."

ST. ANDREWS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE







*The Old Course, in which the Open is contested, is the heart
of St. Andrews. It is flat, treeless, double-greened
(as here) for 74 of the 18 holes and
pocked with bunkers.*





The facade of the cathedral, consecrated in 1318 and once the largest in Scotland, dominates North Street. It has long been in ruins, as has the 15th-century castle (upper right), a bloody place in its day. At the university, two scarlet gowns flow through the gates of St. Salvator's College. The delicately ornate bandstand, adjacent to the Royal and Ancient, stands against the darkening evening sky.





Anyone can play the four St. Andrews courses, they are all open to the public. On a summer day, one might well describe such golfers as the pair on the 6th green of the Old Course at left, with the town lying beyond, or the lad on a path between holes on the Eden Course, or the family at the tee on the New Course, which was opened in 1895. On the right, both men and women do gentle battle on the Ladies' Putting Green, known more familiarly as The Himeleaves.





At 70, the author is officially retired, but still quite visible on the golf scene. He was executive director of the USGA (1935-69) and commissioner of the PGA Tour until 1974. During 1976 he lived in St. Andrews as the Royal and Ancient's second U.S. Captain.

A COURSE TO TRY MEN'S SOULS

by JOSEPH C. DEY

In the middle of town, archaeologists patiently dig in Loudon's Close, a quiet enclosure. On the edge of town, less patient golfers dig into more pliant soil; once the British Open championship starts there next week, they'll be watched by hordes, kept informed by modern scoreboards.

The players, having driven on the home hole, will cross a small stream, the Swilcan Burn, over a narrow arched bridge of uneven stones. Hundreds of years before golf was played here, pack-laden donkeys crossed the Swilcan on that bridge. Since golf's advent, the feet of all the game's great men have gone over the bridge—some in happy stride, some just plodding to get a sad round done. One lady visitor with twisted ideas of his-

What appears to be waitressing in the Big Room at the R&A are the members' lockers. Beyond the 1854 clubhouse lie The Hermitage



Unfinished clubheads line the shelves of Laurie Auchterlonie's workshop.

tory wondered "why the Romans would build such a bridge on a golf course."

Old and new, side by side

The contrast is more pointed when you drive toward the town. Tall spires in the distance surmounting gray stone buildings, beckon you on. Then, of a sudden, there are ultramodern structures on both sides of the road—additions to the university, a hotel looking not unlike a giant's dresser with the drawers open.

On into the city, you choose a route through the West Port. You may have to wait your turn because, while this ancient gateway, built in 1589, was meant for two-way traffic, only one modern vehicle at a time can pass through. Sometimes a lorry decommissions the West Port for two or three weeks. Not far away is a small supermarket.

Past and present. St. Andrews. The Kingdom of Fife.

continued

ST. ANDREWS continued

in a nook of the east coast of Scotland, along a broad bay of the North Sea. St. Andrews, the old gray town, The Mecca of golf. The cradle of golf. A city of many facets, of unsuspected charm.

"Cradle of golf" was not coined by Madison Avenue, although Madison Avenue would be proud to have invented such an attraction. St. Andrews was not invented. It evolved; with it, the beguiling game of golf; from it, golf spread to many lands.

The Scots have a splendid way of celebrating events in verse, and when the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews had its bicentennial in 1954 Dr. J. B. Salmond wrote these lines:

*So this then for a toast, the written story
Of twice a hundred years of this fair scene,
All of Elysium To them the glory
Who fostered for us fairway, bunker, green,
Who spread Golf's Empire all across the world,
And ruled with justice and with equity.*

No one knows precisely when and where golf began. More than 500 years ago in Scotland it distracted men from archery and other military activities. Starting in 1457, the Parliaments of three successive Scottish kings prohibited golf. The bug bit the third king, James IV; he became a golfer.

In the smallest community of St. Andrews, golf had a warm, natural home for its nurture. It was a game of people, lords, nobility: Mary Queen of Scots played at St. Andrews. In 1754 the first semblance of organization came with the formation of The Society of St. Andrews Golfers, the second golf club in Britain, the first being the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, founded 10 years earlier. With the approval of William IV, the name was changed in 1834 to The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. Today the R&A is a worldwide club of 1,800 members of which no more than 1,050 may live in Britain and Ireland; of the rest, 275 may reside in the U.S. Six continents are often represented at the club's Autumn Meeting.

There are anomalies. The R&A, a private club, does not own a golf course. It helps support and has privileges over the four St. Andrews courses, which are open

to the public. There are five men's clubs and two for women. The R&A, by common consent, has conducted the British Open and Amateur championships since 1920, although both championships were originated by other clubs—the Open by Prestwick (1860), the Amateur by Hoylake (1885). The R&A, one single club, and the United States Golf Association, comprising nearly 5,000 clubs, jointly make the rules for the world of golf.

From that wide world of golf, devotees pour into St. Andrews every summer. Last year 140,000 rounds were played over the four courses, but the Old Course is the real magnet. The worshiper has not made a proper pilgrimage if he does not play the Old Course, the championship course.

It is a course that tries men's souls. It is peculiar by modern standards: hidden bunkers, unforgiving whins and heather, unexpected bounces, double putting greens for 14 of the 18 holes—that is, two holes are cut in each of seven huge greens, the largest almost an acre. A fascinating course. If you don't come to love it, you probably don't understand it. As exacting as the Old Course is, it was first noted in 79 almost 120 years ago by Allan Robertson, the first great golfer and leading maker of "featherie" balls. Now the record is Neil Coles' 65.

Great players have won the Open on the Old Course. The Americans include Bobby Jones, Sam Snead, Jack Nicklaus. In 1930 Jones began his Grand Slam there, winning the British Amateur, then going on to win the British Open and the American Open and Amateur. Jones is a demigod still worshipped in the old gray town. They named the 10th hole for him. They made him a Freeman of the Burgh 28 years after he retired, the first American so honored since Benjamin Franklin. When Jones died they held a memorial service in the Town Kirk, which now has an organ division given by his family and a plaque hailing him as a citizen of Atlanta and St. Andrews. A memorial scholarship fund named for him finances student exchanges between the University of St. Andrews and Emory University in Atlanta, where Bob earned his law degree.

Sir Guy Campbell once heard the Old Course speak in verse, partly this way:

*So it was and has been; so it is
and will be.*

*I abide unchallenged, and peerless
is my Name.*

*History behind me, I give all who
find me*

*Welcome and a Blessing, to the
Glory of the Game.*

A less rhapsodic American student, R. F. Murray, thought of it thus:

*Would you like to see a city given
over*

*Soul and body to a tyrannising
game?*

Tyrannizing? Today you see a school-boy pedaling his bicycle to the links, a little golf bag slung over his shoulder. At 7 p.m. you may see men arrive pulling golf-bag carriers attached to their bicycles—it is still light at St. Andrews in the summer at 10 p.m. Leaving the cycles, off they start on a lute round.

But St. Andrews is vastly more than the tyrant golf. Golf has been the beneficiary of several converging influences in the old gray town. Climate, education, perhaps religion, have lovingly rocked the cradle.

The climate is superior to that sometimes found on an unlucky quick visit. On the average, there are four-plus hours of sunshine daily throughout the year, seven hours in summer. Average annual rainfall of 26 inches compares with 43 inches in Nassau County, Long Island. Summer spawns stretches of balmy bright days and light atmosphere. So St. Andrews has long been a holiday resort. In the summer, its normal population of 13,000, excluding students, swells to about 23,000. When the Lammie Market invades the town early in August, some 15,000 out-of-towners visit the stalls and booths along two main streets, Market and South; it is a hodgepodge carnival of medieval origin.

The rectitude of the code of golf could well have had its beginnings in the religious bent of old St. Andrews. Start with the very name: Andrew, a fisherman in the Sea of Galilee, one of the first Apostles, called by Jesus and brother of Simon Peter. How did Andrew go in name and spirit to the remote coast of what is now Scotland?

Andrew is said to have carried the Gospel to Russia, Greece, Asia Minor and Turkey, in Patras, Greece, on refusing the Roman proconsul's order to lead the people in sacrifice to heathen gods.

continued



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ST. ANDREWS continued

Andrew suffered a martyr's death in 69 A.D., when quite old. His cross was X-shaped, *crux decussata*, it is said that he was fastened to it by cords, not nails, so that his death was lingering, perhaps over two days, and all the while he preached.

Legend holds that his remains were moved to Constantinople and it continues as follows, although historians do not validate it: Andrew's body remained there until 369. Then the Abbot Regulus, or St. Rule, took relics (an arm bone, three fingers, three toes) on a missionary journey. He was shipwrecked off what is now Fife. Regulus and a few monks escaped, buried the bones of St. Andrew, built a chapel in his honor, and converted the Pict king, who erected a costly church on the chapel site. The place was named St. Andrews.

The St. Andrews cross, white against a blue background, is the national symbol of Scotland.

One historian says Andrew's relics were brought to the place about 736, some 150 years after a monastery arose there. Certain it is that a great cathedral, the largest in Scotland, was founded in 1160 and consecrated in 1318. It has long lain in ruins, still fascinating, with a large graveyard adjacent.

Nearby, overlooking the bay, is the castle, built about 1200 as a fortified palace for the Catholic bishops. It has a bloody history—besieged, wrecked, rebuilt, retaken. At the instance of Cardinal Beaton, who looked on, the reformer George Wishart was burned to death in front of the castle in 1546, less than three months later, Beaton was murdered by reformers who broke into the castle. The great John Knox, priest turned reformer, took refuge in the castle for a while, until troops from a French fleet assaulted it in 1547 and carried him to France. He pulled an oar in French galleys for a time before returning to Scotland to help establish Protestantism in the British Isles. The castle has a grisly Bottle Dungeon, so called because of its configuration.

One of the loveliest edifices in St. Andrews is the Church of the Holy Trinity, the Town Kirk. Founded in 1412, it was restored and reopened late in 1909, a center of Presbyterian faith. Today there are ten churches in the city, representing seven denominations of Christianity.

The question lingers: Could the bloody history of religion have had any effect on the nurture of early golf, aside from so-

called rectitude, which sometimes was mere malishness?

From earliest times education was at the heart of St. Andrews, and so it is today. The University of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland, chartered in 1412 and given university status in 1414. A prime function was to educate the clergy. Today the university has 3,600 students, of whom 1,950 are male. The institution is a centerpiece of St. Andrews life.

A colorful centerpiece it is. Many students go about the town in red gowns, long a university hallmark. They may be worn at any time. Female heads sometimes are adorned with mortarboards (trencher caps) but not about town. Tassels of differing colors denote their years.

The main disciplines are science (including pre-medical), arts and divinity, and they attract students from many countries. Tuition and living expenses are very low by American standards; government allowances subsidize some British students. Rudyard Kipling was Rector of the University from 1922 to 1925.

Marvelous style distinguishes many old university buildings. The University Chapel contains the pulpit from which John Knox once fulminated. But women's lib has overtaken the chapel: male and female students no longer sit on separate sides.

So university life is not as encrusted as in the day of a certain aged professor who, after approving a mixture of common table beer and strong ale, deliberated whether the beer should be poured into the ale or the ale into the beer; said he, "If the small beer should be poured into the ale it would make the ale worse, but if the ale should be poured into the beer it would make the beer better."

The visitor to St. Andrews should resist the tendency to become preoccupied with the great edifices, for he will find much else to captivate him—the residences, be they small or large; the golf-club-makers' shops; the parks; the old harbor, no longer a fishing center except for a few lobster pots; the seals cavorting in the estuary of the River Eden; the broad beaches; the craggy cliffs; the narrow wynds or lanes. St. Andrews is a treasure hunt for the diligent seeker, with things of interest to be found in unlikely places.

St. Andrews has examples of every type of house since the 12th century.

Most domestic buildings date from the 16th, 17th and early 18th centuries; Queen Mary's house, 1523. Gray stone predominates. Sometimes it is dull gray, but the smallest garden plot in front has colorful plantings. A large house with a facade squarely on the street has a huge garden in the rear.

Glimpse the charming home of Mrs. Jean Tynte. The street side of the three-storied house was built in 1668, the last additions about 1820. The back opens onto a very large garden, with pear trees older than the house still bearing fruit. Mrs. Tynte says, "Mary of Guise brought pear trees to St. Andrews in 1538, and they were planted by monks as an avenue between St. Mary's and St. Leonard's chapels. There is a stream running underground below the pear trees, which presumably has kept them going all these years, and my great-uncle, Captain W. H. Burn, always told me that the largest was about 400 years old." Captain Burn was chairman of the R&A Rules of Golf Committee.

Ever hear of "marriage lints"? Some doorways are decorated with the initials of the owner and his wife and the date of building. Homes in old St. Andrews invariably give the impression of solidity and loving care. Many are gems, no matter the size.

For all its fame and history, its architecture, its golf, its things, St. Andrews is lovable primarily for its people. They are, of course, of varying degrees of education and differing tastes. Almost without exception, they are warm, friendly, convivial, not intrusive, courteous in the extreme, not outwardly demonstrative, with fine humor and a sense of the rightness and the fitness of things. They make do with relatively much less of the world's goods than Americans, and they make do wonderfully well, thanks to their sense of values.

Some years ago I had a touching insight into their faith and affection. Wand'ring through the old cathedral graveyard, I came quite by chance upon an epitaph to a departed spouse. This is what it said:

*Then steal away,
Give little warning
Say not good night,
But in some higher clime
Bid me good morning.*

END

Seattle has a secret weapon

It's a .320-hitting shortstop called—just a sec, his name's here somewhere



There was Craig Reynolds, sitting on top of the world—or the Seattle Mariners' training table, anyway—and he was obviously pretty worked up about something.

You could be sure that this was so, because he had momentarily put down his modern translation of the New Testament and was rubbing the swollen calf muscle in his left leg. Reynolds, the Mariners' shortstop, had been hit by a pitch a couple of days earlier, and as he inspected his fatted calf, he said hopefully, "It's gotten so big it almost looks like a real ballplayer's leg."

This season a lot of people have been wondering if Craig Reynolds is, indeed, a real ballplayer. The alternative, of course, is that some whimsical secretary named Reynolds in the American League office has been typing her name into the list of the league's top hitters for the past month. No way. At the end of last week, Craig Reynolds, the one and only, was batting .321, which was the fourth-best average in the American League, trailing only those of Rod Carew, Jim Sundberg and Fred Lynn. More and more, Reynolds' bat—just like his leg—was beginning to look as if it were for real. So real, in fact, that he stands a good chance of being named to the American League All-Star team by All-Star Manager Billy Martin.

If Reynolds' eminence as a batsman has been the best-kept secret in baseball, it is probably because he is employed by the Mariners, currently occupying last place in the AL West. And contributing significantly to this obscurity is the fact that Seattle's home games generally don't end until long after most newspapers east of the Rocky Mountains have been put to bed. Yet even at home, Reynolds' light has been kept under a bushel. The bushel, as it happens, is Seattle's Kingdom, to which the Mariners, lamentably, have drawn nearly a quarter of a million fans fewer this season than they had at this time last year.

None of this has dampened the spirits of either Reynolds or his teammates. The Mariners are still a fun franchise. Only in Seattle is a visitor likely to find Danny Kaye, one of the team's owners, sitting in the dugout discussing with the manager the possibility of having Mar-

iner outfielders heave their gloves at home-run balls hit by the opposition. "We could hold a lot of these guys who go into their home-run trot to triples," reasons Kaye. Some of the Mariners have even resorted to prayer. As many as 15 of the 25 players have shown up for clubhouse chapel services. As one Seattle writer recently pointed out, the Mariners are a team that knows the first words in the Bible are "In the beginning," and not "In the beginning. . ." This is also a team on which Reynolds, the best hitter and the most conspicuous Bible thumper of all—he attended Houston Baptist University after a spectacular baseball and basketball career at Houston's Reagan High School—is distinguished for his scrawnyness (175 pounds spread out over his 6' 1" frame).

Scrawny or not, Reynolds has been hitting impressively since the middle of last season. A consistent if not overpowering hitter during several seasons in the minors, he batted only .225 in a handful of games with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1975 and 1976 before being traded to Seattle. With the Mariners, Reynolds got off to a desultory start last year and was hitting only .218 on July 14. "I'm a natural front-footed hitter," he explains, "which is a fairly unorthodox style. Last year I started lunging at the ball, and before I knew it I was in a terrible slump."

"He was running around in the batter's box a lot," says Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson, "leaping at the ball and moving his head around too much. Once he calmed down he was all right."

From July 15 on, Reynolds hit .299, raising his season average to .248. This year he started slowly again, but then he went on a tear. At one point early in June he was hitting .337. Even Johnson, who used Reynolds as his No. 9 hitter for most of last year and kept him there until May this season, has been forced to admit that his shortstop may be better than that. "If anybody had told me before the season began that Craig Reynolds would be hitting .320 at the end of June," says Johnson, "I would have had them examined and put away."

Now Reynolds is firmly entrenched as the No. 2 batter in the Mariners' order and loves it. "When you see your name

continued

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BASEBALL *continued*

ninth on the lineup card," he says. "you get to thinking that the only reason it isn't any lower is because there's no such thing as batting 10th."

With his hitting woes behind him, at least temporarily, Reynolds is anxious to improve his defensive game. This season he has given one of the more erratic performances in organized baseball. In his first 133 chances he made only one error, and had the best fielding percentage of any shortstop in the league. Since then, however, he has made two errors in one inning against Cleveland; three errors in a single inning against Boston; two errors on one play against Chicago; and, last week, three errors in a game against Milwaukee. "You take away those three innings and that one game," Reynolds says, "and I'd be having a super season in the field."

Anxious to forestall such lapses, the Mariners had Bill Mazerowski, the old Pittsburgh Pirate second baseman who is now a Seattle minor league coach, work with Reynolds on his throwing motion during spring training. "I have a tendency to snap my wrist when I release the throw," Reynolds says, "and that makes the ball drop like a rock. There are a lot of pitchers who would love to have my sinker, and they're welcome to it."

Lou Gorman, Seattle's general manager, knew what he was getting when he traded for Reynolds and he hasn't regretted it, even during Reynolds' lean times. "As an expansion team, we were looking for a young shortstop to build around," says Gorman, "and Reynolds is it. Craig hasn't got the great natural defensive ability of a Mark Belinger or a Fred Patek, but he's capable and he's very smart. He has the ability and the intelligence to make himself one of the finest shortstops in baseball."

Right now Reynolds is content to be one of the best hitters in the game and isn't worried that nobody is naming any candy bars after him. "How can I let it bother me that I'm not well known when I've had only one full year in the big leagues, in which I hit a sizzling .248?" he says. "I've been thinking what it would mean to hit .320 for the whole season. I can't help wondering about all the guys I've played against in the minor leagues and what they must be thinking now. It must give all of them a lot of hope to see what I'm doing. I'll bet every one of those guys is saying to himself, 'If that guy can hit .320, anybody can.'"

THE WEEK

June 27-July 3

by KENT HANNON

AL WEST Walls, Armas, Page, De-
lone, Revering, Duncan
Barke, Newman, Edwards and Puccio. Re-
cognize any of these names? They are, of
course, Oakland A's—or some of them—
baseball's most surprising and most resilient
team, which won five out of six to climb back
to within two games of first place.

Texas (3-3) clings to that spot, thanks to a
6-3 victory over the Angels' Frank Tanana
before a crowd of 41,632 on Saturday. The
game was so precious to the Rangers that they
used starter Jon Matlack, who had two-hit
the Angels a week before, in relief of winner
Doc Medich. California (4-3) was encouraged
by the resilience of outfielder Lynn Bos-
tack, the \$2.1 million free agent acquisition
who batted only .049 in April. Bostack's sea-
son average was up to .286 after he hit .404
for the month of June.

Kansas City (1-6) Manager Whippy Her-
zog was so incensed after a 2-1 loss to the
A's in Oakland—the Royals' third one-run
loss in four days—that he kicked a broad-
caster out of the dressing room.

Shortstop Roy Smalley of Minnesota (3-2)
had a banner week against the White Sox.
Smalley had two doubles and two homers—
one a grand slam—in a doubleheader sweep
of Chicago, then two more hits on Saturday
as the Twins drubbed the White Sox, 10-0, to
spend the managerial debut of Larry Doby.
Now 53, Doby in 1947 was the first black to
play in the American League. Obscured by
the Sox' troubles was the blaring bat of Sec-
ond Baseman Jorge Orta, who hit .500.

Seattle (3-4) rapped nine homers, includ-
ing two each by Bob Robertson, Leon Rob-
erts and Bob Simon. Simon's grand slam-
mer, the first in his 17-year career, including
the minors, beat Chicago 9-7. Also, the
Mariners gave up 49 runs during the week.

TEX 40-35 CAL 40-37 KC 38-37 OAK 38-38
CHW 34-41 MINN 31-41 SEA 27-52

AL EAST Even after a winning
surge that carried Milwau-
keeke 16-11 past Baltimore and New York
and into second place, Brewer star Larry
Hise wasn't convinced that Milwaukee's riv-
als were properly impressed. "When I was
playing for the Twins last year," Hise said,
"and we'd come into Milwaukee for a three-
game series, we always had the feeling we'd
win at least two games. I don't think we've
quite convinced other teams yet that it's
different this year. I want to make believers
out of them."

Hise, a sometime outfielder, sometime de-
fensive

63

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ignored Hitter and full-time slugger, is doing his best. Last week he had one 3-for-3 night and two four-hit games, raised his home-run total to 15 and his RBI mark to 50. What's more, when Hulse went hitless in a twin bill with the Yankees, his teammates were so hot they swept both games.

Nobody accepts defeat with less grace than the Yankees (3-4). After the 5-0 and 7-2 losses in Milwaukee, owner George Steinbrenner lashed out at just about anyone he could think of: American League President Lee MacPhail (for poor scheduling, which meant the Yankees had to play a night game against Boston and then fly to Milwaukee—arriving at 5 a.m.); Graig Nettles for claiming "exhaustion" and not playing the second game of the doubleheader; and Reggie Jackson (for playing in both games but going 0 for 7).

Boston (3-3) continued to look superb even when losing. Rightfielder Dwight Evans made a perfect throw to cut down Jackson at the plate in the 11th inning of a 14-inning game (New York eventually won it on Nettles' home run). Las Tiam threw 132 herky-jerky pitches against Baltimore before an 11th-inning single by Pat Kelly handed him his first defeat of the season, by a 3-2 score. Evans and Shortstop Rick Burleson kept alive another game in Baltimore with extraordinary plays before the Orioles again won in 11 innings, again 3-2. Baltimore (2-6) needed the solace of those victories after losing eight straight, including a 24-10 disaster to Toronto, trailing 19-5 after five innings. Manager Earl Weaver used Outfielder Larry Harlow and Catcher Elrod Hendricks as relief pitchers. Harlow was bombed for five runs in two-thirds of an inning, but Hendricks' leisurely deliveries were so tantalizing that he gave up only one hit in 2½ innings. "My only mistake was bringing in Harlow before Hendricks," quipped Weaver.

Detroit (3-5) pitchers hurled a three-hitter and a four-hitter on successive days, but Detroit's hitting and defense managed to lose both games to the Indians, 2-1 and 6-3. Cleveland (5-4) can count its lucky stars for the deal made earlier with Oakland for Gary Alexander. In a nine-game stretch with the Indians, Alexander blasted five home runs and drove in 17 runs.

Toronto had its best week ever (6-2) with heavy hitting from Rico Carty (12 hits, 13 RBIs), Roy Howell, John Mayberry and Ozo Velaz.

**BOS 52-24 MIL 45-31 NY 43-33 BAL 42-35
DET 37-38 CLE 35-40 TOR 27-46**

NL WEST Ordinarily, the ground-out wouldn't have bothered Cincinnati's Pete Rose quite so much. Rose has been going good of late, after a season-long slump. His personal hitting streak had reached 17 games and his batting average was finally

nearing familiar .300 territory. But last Friday evening in Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati the Reds (2-6) were about to lose a doubleheader to Los Angeles and fall behind 1, A into third place, and Rose was ticked.

"You got nothin'!" he reportedly screamed at Dodger rookie Pitcher Bob Welch as he ran back to the Reds dugout. When Rose took his position at third base at the start of the next inning, Dodger Rick Monday came to Welch's defense. "Hey, Pete," he yelled from the dugout, "don't get on the kid. He's just trying to make a living."

At which point the frustrated Rose charged toward the dugout and tried to take on Monday and the entire Dodger team. "I lost my cool," he admitted, after being restrained by Umpire Paul Pryor and Dodger Coach Preston Gomez. Monday's remark was insignificant: the real cause of Rose's anger was Cincinnati's losing streak, during which the Reds dropped six in a row, were shut out three times and hit nary a home run. "It's July, and we're swinging like it's still spring training," lamented Manager Sparky Anderson, who watched George Foster go 0 for 16.

The Dodgers (6-2) got six consecutive wins from their starting pitchers and some timely home runs from Ron Cey, Davey Lopes and Steve Garvey to pick up their 17th win in 22 games. Even so, Los Angeles gained only two games on the division-leading Giants during that stretch.

San Francisco (4-5) survived a nightmarish schedule of three doubleheaders in six days, mainly because Rightfielder Jack Clark walked five home runs and took over the National League RBI lead with 55. Vida Blue won his fifth straight to improve his record to 11-4, and 40-year-old Willie McCovey socked his 500th career homer to move into 12th place on the all-time list behind another Giant great, Mel Ott.

At one point Dave Winfield was the only San Diego (6-3) player in almost three weeks who homered, but thanks to a revitalized pitching staff, the Padres wrested fourth place from Houston (4-5) by taking four out of five from the Astros. Reliever Rolfe Fingers got his 17th save, tops in the majors, while Winfield finished the month of June with 31 RBIs in 29 games. The Astros' two 23-year-old starters, Tom Daxon and Floyd Banner, fired back-to-back shutouts against the Reds.

Atlanta (4-5) was still in last place, but banded Relief Pitcher Gene Garber has been so effective since being acquired from Philadelphia on June 15 (three saves, one victory) that Braves Manager Bobby Cox has relaxed his policy against facial hair. "I just don't think it would be right to make him shave his beard," said Cox after Garber had hurled two scoreless innings against the Dodgers. "It's him."

**SF 48-29 LA 45-32 CIN 44-34 SD 38-40
HOU 34-40 ATL 31-44**

NL EAST Chicago (3-5) seems to be staging its annual El Foldo act a lot earlier than last year, when it didn't surrender first place to the Phillies until Aug. 5. The Cubs dropped their fifth, sixth and seventh games to the division leaders in the space of nine days, including a 6-5 ninth-inning loss charged to relief ace Bruce Sutter, who hadn't allowed an earned run against Philadelphia in 32 innings. The Phillies (6-2) were carried by Greg Luzinski, who whacked three home runs to take over the league lead with 18. One of Luzinski's blasts gave Philadelphia a 1-0 victory over Montreal on an outpour of just two hits.

The Expos (2-4) starting pitchers were given only 12 runs to work with in six games; the principal victim of this parsimony was 11-game-winner Ross Grimsley, who allowed only three hits in 10 innings against the Cardinals, yet lost 2-1. Ironically, the staff's half-luck pitcher, Steve Rogers, won twice to take the league lead in ERA (2.10) and tie Grimsley for the lead in complete games (11). In 19 starts this season Rogers has never yielded more than three runs. "There isn't a team in the league that doesn't know he's the best pitcher they've faced," said Montreal Third Baseman Larry Parrish.

Pittsburgh (5-4) lost 316-hitter Dave Par-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY HULSE: Despite going 0 for 8 in a doubleheader, the Brewers' slugger hit .433, scored three home runs, scored 10 times and knocked in nine runs as Milwaukee passed the Orioles and Yankees in the AL East.

ker when he fractured his cheekbone in a home-plate collision with Met Catcher John Stearns. But the Pirates welcomed back Willie Stargell, who forgot his knee problems long enough to go 3 for 3 in one game, including a homer and a double, and to win another with a pinch single.

The Mets (2-5) were defeated by a pinch grand-slammer, by a squeeze bunt with two out in the ninth and by an outfielder's Astro-Turf-induced error. The only bright spots were the pinch-hitting of Ed Kranepool, who went 3 for 5, and the pinching of Pat Zachry, who is now 9-3—and 16-9 overall since coming to New York from Cincinnati last year.

The lowly Cardinals have scored only three runs in the ninth inning all season, but they managed to put a run across in the 10th inning to beat Montreal 2-1. The victory gave St. Louis (5-3) a four-game winning streak, which must have pleased owner Gusie Busch, who warned his team recently that there might be a wholesale shakeup "down to the bat boys."

**PHI 41-31 CH 36-36 MONT 38-38
PIT 36-38 NY 33-46 STL 30-46**



THE HORSES SAVE THE SHOW AS VELVET RIDE'S AGAIN

International Velvet sounds like something that just went down an eighth, and for sure, upon inspection, it was obviously inspired by a bunch of bookkeepers sitting around and saying, well, we have Tatum O'Neal, and what are we going to put her into? The Philadelphia 76ers were, I believe, put together in much the same manner: It is a franchise, not a team. Should there be enough fervid curiosity in witnessing Miss O'Neal's first screen kiss (eyes open, from a dreadful neighbor boy), *International Velvet* may even be a very successful franchise, but it is impossible for any performer to go one-on-one with the script and make it a winner.

As every mother's son knows all too well, the original *Velvet*, domestic 1944, brought us the adolescent, sylphlike Elizabeth Taylor as Velvet Brown, who wins the Grand National steeplechase on her horse, The Pie, while posing as a boy. Miss Taylor was offered the part of the adult Velvet in this updating, but she firmly declined, thereby exhibiting a discernment she has rarely shown in matters of selection—professional, marital or caloric. The part (defaulted to Nanette Newsum) calls for Velvet to regularly tramp the lonely beach, pondering the quality of love while being overwhelmed with swelling stereophones and hackneyed amatory: waves, fallen birds, soaring jets. It is on one of the latter that her orphaned niece Sarah, age 12, arrives from Arizona, adorned in pigtails and braces.

The years pass, if not quickly enough. In the film's turgid first hour of puberty psychodrama, The Pie sires his last foal, who is named Arizona Pie, Sarah's dog dies, and she gets a new haundo and other grown-up appearances. Mercifully, the horses arrive at this point, greatly improving the dialogue, if not the plot. Another welcome addition is Anthony Hopkins, who does a turn as Vince

Lombardi in British tweed, playing Tatum's strident riding coach. Hopkins was an inspired choice, because he had already shown, in *Equus* on Broadway, that he can lend for himself quite well, thank you, even when double-teamed by precocious young thespians and majestic equines.

And so, inside Arizona Pie, Sarah wins a spot on the British Olympic squad. To encourage her, Hopkins quotes the modern Olympic founder, Baron de Coubertin and, aging by leaps and bounds, Sarah discovers true love while staring into the Olympic flame with her rival, a handsome young American rider I give *International Velvet* 195 rings.

From a purely sporting perspective, the film takes a large gamble, because Sarah's sport is three-day eventing. In England, where Mark Phillips and his better half compete, eventing draws crowds of 100,000, but it is virtually unknown here. In point of fact, it is a marvelous competition, the concours complet, the complete test of a horse—dressage, endurance competition including steeplechase and cross-country jumping and stadium jumping—but I fear that the film fails to properly instruct the uninitiated in what exactly is expected of the competitors. The movie is also sadly deficient in illustrating how crucial and complicated is the relationship of horse and rider.

Finally, and most curiously, especially considering the crusade of the famous National Velvet, no effort is made to explain that eventing is that rare sport in which the sexes compete against each other. (Very late in the film there is one passing reference, but it is erroneous, stating unequivocally that eventing is the only such Olympic sport; shooting and yachting are others.) Overall, though, the film treats eventing honestly and in fact, life follows art, for in September at the quadrennial World Championships of Eventing in Lexington, Ky. a man-to-woman showdown should take place between the rawboned American, Mike Plumb, and his stylish British rival, Lucinda Prior-Palmer, as she bids to become the first female ever to win the individual world title. Should Lucinda win in Lexington as Tatum does on celluloid, I think we can expect this year's little suburban Nadies and Traips to soon be turning in their leotards and rackets for crops and saddles.

As for the comely Miss O'Neal, it is not unkind to suggest she made a better child than a teen-ager, and if she is not to go the way of Shirley Temple and Margaret O'Brien she had best get out of these contrived vehicles that carry her about aimlessly and into the saddle of a lean role that obliges her to head in more challenging directions.

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Washington's Huskies beat Northeastern's Huskies to reach the finals of the Grand Challenge Cup, but their sprint against Bulgaria came up short.

One day last week, Washington Coach Dick Erickson was pedaling his bike beside the Thames, upon which the university's heavyweight eight was practicing for the Henley Grand Challenge Cup, when suddenly he shouted to his crew. "See those stands up ahead? That's the Remenham Club, and it's full of experts. They've got their monocles and spyglasses out and they'll be picking every stroke apart, so let them know you're Washington." Instantly the shell shot ahead at a smooth, muscle-popping 43 strokes a minute. Erickson beamed with pride, as befits the ruler of every rowing course from Seattle to San Diego. "But why show off?" he was asked. "Because this is the Henley Royal Regatta," he said. "They've been racing here for 139 years, and we're the Huskies, the defending champions, and, well..." And off he pedaled.

Although the Remenham cognoscenti seemed impressed by Washington, this feeling was not shared by another onlooker, Nikola Zdravkov, the coach of the eight-oared crew from the Trakia Club of Plovdiv, Bulgaria. "Hoskees?" he said speculatively, as though he actually had no idea at all what a Hoskees might be. Finally, through an interpreter,

Bulgaria is no bunch of Slavs

The powerful Trakia Club eight took on the best of the West at Henley and won

he allowed that he was "aware of Washington, that they have good preparation."

The Trakia boat had four men remaining from last year's Bulgarian entry in the world championships at Amsterdam. That crew, the first eight-oared shell ever to compete for Bulgaria, finished seventh. The Henley boat was clearly an improvement, and as a matter of fact had beaten Washington twice the previous weekend in warmup races at Nottingham. Just before Henley began, Zdravkov was asked, "Who will be your biggest competition?" Zdravkov, a single-minded man, replied carefully, "My crew is very young, so who wins is not important. What matters is the experience we gain."

Despite Zdravkov's modesty, when the experts at Henley were asked, "Can the Bulgarians lose?" opinion ranged from "impossible" to "highly unlikely." Their Nottingham performance had been too convincing. But last year at Nottingham, Washington also lost twice, and then came to Henley and beat the British national crew for the Cup. And Britain, silver-medalist at Amsterdam, had not rowed against Bulgaria at Nottingham because several of the crew were ill. At Henley, however, the British were ready. So the mood as the big races drew near was one of suspense, heightened by the presence of two crews, Syracuse and Northeastern, whose credentials were unfamiliar to many members of the Remenham Club.

A case of sorts could be made for their being at Henley. After winning four of six races during its collegiate season, Syracuse had triumphed in the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association regatta for the first time in 58 years. At Nottingham it had come in third behind Bulgaria and France, but five seconds ahead of mighty Washington, thereby becoming the first U.S. crew to finish ahead of the Huskies this year. Northeastern, whose nickname is also the Huskies, was

continued

at Henley for more romantic reasons. These Huskies had not had a good enough season to be sent there, but the oarsmen had a dream—to row and to win at Henley. So the boys raised most of their own expenses, crossed the pond in one of Freddie Laker's planes and entered the competition representing the Northeastern University Rowing Association. At Henley they recited an astounding fact, three times this year they had trailed opponents by open water, and in the space of only 40 strokes had sprinted to victory, also by open water.

"But you haven't raced the Huskies yet," they were told, to which Coxswain Bob Neckes replied, "We're the Huskies. They're only snapping puppies, and their bark is worse than their bite." With that kind of saw, and a sprint to match, indeed anything seemed possible.

Meanwhile, at breakfast in Henley, many of the Bulgarians were learning their fifth word of English—conflakes. The other four were: "Are you ready?"

Got?" And how they went, beating the British in the opening race of the Grand by 1½ lengths. Their coxswain caused much comment, lying feet forward in the bow, with his back to his men. "We only want the coxswain to steer," explained Zdravkov. "Are you happy now?" he was asked. "Not happy," he said, "but very glad. I will be happy if we win at Moscow."

The next morning Washington, being Washington, was on the river at seven, practicing, all but alone. The Huskie dogfight was scheduled for 12.15, and Washington Coxswain John Stillings carefully set his watch a full minute ahead of the clock at the officials' tent, not wanting to be late. But at the start the umpire's clock told a different story. As Washington and Northeastern moved slowly up the course, the umpire decided that both boats were late, awarded each a false start and warned them that another would disqualify them, which would send Bulgaria and Syracuse directly to the finals.

At the gun, the crews started with exceeding caution. After five strokes the Washington boat began veering to the left; Two Oar Mark Sawyer, the strongest man in the boat, was pulling too hard. Stillings quickly got the rudder right, and Northeastern's dream collapsed with each successive stroke. The Washington Huskies won by four lengths, and Neckes said, "I never expected them to be that fast. They deserve to beat Bulgaria."

That afternoon the Bulgarians left Syracuse two lengths behind, and as the Orange oarsmen sat gasping in their shell the Bulgarians were already marching up the dock with their oars. "We didn't row our best race," said Syracuse Coach Bill Sanford, "but if we had we still would have lost."

Strangely, the Bulgarians were dissatisfied with their performance. As Zdravkov explained, "We beat Syracuse two times at Nottingham, so we thought it would be easy to beat them again, and we relaxed too much. That we must

continued



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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

ROWING continued

never do. But the most important race is tomorrow, the finals with Washington. It is always that way for us, until Moscow, and then there will be no more tomorrows."

At the Washington boat stall, Stroke Mike Hess was asked, "What about Bulgaria?"

"We've got to go fast," he said, "faster than last year, faster than we've ever gone. Every time we've done a practice this week I've been thinking, 'How was it last year? What did we do right then? What about the new men in the boat? And especially, 'Are we faster?'"

"So what's the plan for tomorrow?"

"To put it to the floor, and see what happens."

On Sunday Stifflings and Hess, both seniors, sat facing each other for the last time, and suddenly there was no more waiting. The shells started down the river, past a wooded island, a tiny bright house in a green dell, and Washington led by three feet. The news was relayed down the course, and a star went through the crowd at the finish. At the quarter mile the boats were even, but Bulgaria was coming on and at the halfway point of the mile-and- $\frac{3}{4}$ ths course led by $\frac{1}{4}$ lengths. Then, at the Steward's Enclosure, where the champagne was flowing freely, a shout arose: "The Yanks!" Washington was sprinting, but it was too late. The Huskies lost by three-quarters of a length. Dick Erickson said he had no regrets. "We'll have to reach a long way back to find out what we could have done better," he said.

At the Bulgarian tent, Nikola Zdravkov was saying, "The boys are tired. The traveling is hard, and they can't get their favorite food, shashlik and schmitzels from Bulgaria."

"What did you learn from racing one-on-one here?" he was asked. "There is no repêchage here," he said. "If you lose a race you are finished. So here we learned to be tough."

Earlier in the week an English society lady was speaking to a Bulgarian official through an interpreter. "I suppose that when the revolution comes you will do away the Steward's Enclosure," she said.

The Bulgarian replied, "It all depends on whether the revolution comes from Bulgaria to Henley, or from Henley to Bulgaria."

It appears that one revolution, in rowing, has already begun. Watch out for the Bulgarian navy.

END



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KEEPER!

A goalie is a lonely figure, but Oakland's Shep Messing, the first U.S. soccer player with a \$100,000 contract, has the crowd in his corner, whether he's handling snakes, using snuff or eating Styrofoam cups

by J. D. REED

CONTINUED

MESSING

continued

In the San Francisco branch of Macy's department store one recent Saturday, several salesmen recognized the Bay Area's newest sports star browsing through a rack of recorded video tapes. Not that you could easily miss Shep Messing, 28, goalkeeper of the Oakland Stompers of the North American Soccer League. From his high-heeled wooden clogs to his lime-green, shiny warmup suit, his clutch bag, his mass of dark curls, to the drooping Zapata mustache, he certainly looked like somebody—or something—the salespeople had seen before.

"Hey, Shep, baby," yelled one salesman, clapping his hands. "you gonna stomp L.A. Wednesday?"

"Give 'em 100% out there, Messing," advised another.

Messing smiled with a dazzling set of choppers. He was carrying a white Styrofoam coffee cup, a makeshift spittoon for his constant wad of Skoal snuff, a product he proudly and lucratively endorses. Messing walked over to the clerks. "Gents, on Wednesday I'm simply going to chew up L.A. Like this. . ."

Messing took a big, crisp bite out of the plastic cup, chewing it with horrid squeaking noises. His eyes twinkled. He took another bite. "And like this," he said.

As the salesmen observed all this in some wonder, one could reflect for a moment on the fact that Shep Messing is the first American to win a \$100,000 contract in soccer—\$50,000 in salary and a \$50,000 bonus for signing. He has the best lifetime goals-against average (1.29) of active NASL keepers, and performed brilliantly last season as a member of the starship Cosmos, the NASL champions. This season he leads his own band of merry men in California, where the team is billed as "Shep Messing and the Oakland Stompers." No more does he take a backseat to the Pelés, Beckenbauers and Chinaglias. No more does he have to strive for the "Broadway Joe" image that in New York last year earned him only a "Subway Shep" reputation. Shep Messing has arrived—on his own, visibly and perhaps permanently—on the professional sports scene. And not far behind him, if you listen to Messing, will come the hordes of American soccer players who deserve to play the pro game in their own country, shoving aside the aging and infirm of England, the Continent and Latin America who still dominate the game here.

But Messing is more than a revolutionary symbol of the American soccer player. He's much like the league in which he plays—tirelessly self-promoting, young, brash, lucky, seismographically sensitive to the importance of style and

the power of the media, and fighting for a niche in the crowded world of established American sport.

In the nearly deserted television department of Macy's, 50 demonstration sets suddenly cut to a familiar advertisement. Messing's voice was saying, "I love tobacco, but I don't smoke." And there he was, times 50, stopping shots on goal while stuffing a wad of Skoal in his cheek, just like Carlton Fisk and Walt Garrison. "Ah, my favorite ad," he said, studying his performance with the concentration that marks all of his passions, on the field and off.

Of his performance for the Macy's salesmen, Messing says, "People often take pro sports too seriously. Hell, sports aren't the oil crisis or the Mideast war. They're games, they're show business. When I hear somebody come up with that old '100%' bromide, I figure it's time that they learned the truth."

There are as many aspects to Messing as there were images of him on the TV screens behind him that day. There is the Messing who posed nude for a *Viva* magazine centerfold in 1974, saying, "I did more for the game by dropping my pants than the league did in five years of press releases." There is the Messing who is the fastest reaction goalie around. There is the Messing who challenged former New York Jet Defensive Back—and notorious wildman—Mike Battle to a glass-eating contest. There is Messing the author, whose autobiography, *The Education of an American Soccer Player*, has just come out. There is the Messing who works almost daily with youngsters on their game but, with proletarian disdain, refuses to appear at team benefit dinners. And there is the Messing who graduated from Harvard with a degree in social sciences.

After a Cosmos playoff game last season, when the Meadowlands locker room was crowded with Warner Brothers vice-presidents eager to rub shoulders with a famous athlete and Mick Jagger was deep in conversation with Pelé, Henry Kissinger shook hands with Messing. "I understand you went to Harvard. Did you attend any of my lectures?"

"Yeah, one or two," said Messing.

"And how did you find them?"

"I don't remember. I fell asleep."

Messing lives in a bayside apartment in suburban Alameda with his wife Arden. The rest of the Stompers are housed for the season at nearby Hayward College, but Messing's contract calls for the perquisites of stardom. The apartment is not as grand as the hotel suites in which Pelé resided last season, nor as sumptuous as Beckenbauer's New

York hotel apartment, but it is not without splendor.

Over a 3/4-pound hamburger—Messing eschews all vegetables and lives mostly on ground round—he expanded one recent day on his favorite subject: the care and promotion of Shep Messing.

"I don't need soccer anymore," he said. "I love the game on field—it's crazy and lovely—but the whole pro sports mentality of hype and 'clean-cut image' is so antiquated as to be laughable. I'm not married to soccer, and when it stops being fun to play, I'll leave it."

"Right now soccer is a vehicle for me. It is for a lot of athletes but they're afraid to admit it."

"If I decide I want to live in Boston, which both Arden and I love, I will. And if I can play soccer there, fine. If not, there are other whole worlds to conquer."

Messing didn't begin to conquer the world of soccer until he was a senior at Wheatley High School in Roslyn, Long Island. His father Elms commuted to his successful Manhattan law practice (he now also handles Shep's contracts and endorsements and has sued the Cosmos once) and his mother Anne taught physical education at nearby Nassau Community College.

"There's the shore area of Roslyn where the big-time psychiatrists and garment magnates live in Tudor monstrosities," says Messing. "And there's the lower-middle-class section. We lived in between, in a social no-man's-land. There was Bach on the record player and the Yankees on the radio. My parents never made a big deal out of sports, though."

"My achievements in wrestling, the pole vault and soccer were thought to be nice, but they didn't put dinner on the table. I wasn't driven to excellence like Mark Spitz or Dorothy Hamill. I had a chance to be a normal, useless Long Island punk."

"I started playing soccer, like most kids then, because Wheatley had an 0-7 record in football and it wasn't cool to be a loser. Soccer in high school was not like the real game. It was just running and kicking and yelling like hell, with old, angry football coaches trying to make you hit opponents hard. We had no idea that the game had skills or finesse, or even much of a point. It was a romp."

Messing says the brand of soccer he played at NYU, where he was a prelaw student, was equally rudimentary. "It was just more international. I'd yell, 'Hey, paps,' when

I wanted a player's attention, and Papsdakis, Pappadopoulos and a few others would turn around."

After his sophomore year, he wanted to transfer to NYU's downtown campus to take education courses. According to Messing, the athletic director told him that if he did, he would miss soccer practice, and the conversation took a threatening turn. "It was the first time my athletic ability was used to blackmail me. I hated it and I quit."

That summer, invited to play for the U.S. team in the Maccabiah Games in Israel, Messing met a kindred spirit named Mickey Cohen, the starting goalie for the team. "He was just your average Jewish-American athlete at the time," Messing fondly recalls. "He believed in gay rights, civil rights, Yippies, Black Power, was an antiwar activist and an avowed crazy."

"He took a purifying trip in the desert before our game against Argentina and came back starved and dehydrated," Messing says. "Argentina had a great team, and after every goal, Cohen would yell scripture at them, things like 'Lord, How many are my foes?' and 'On the wicked, He will rain coals of fire and brimstone.' When it was all over, we had to haul him off to the hospital."

"The point is that athletes like Mickey and me are considered flakes in the sports world. But you have to remember that we were part of the antiwar, hippie generation. The athletes attracted to soccer back then were the crazies, the politically disaffected, the new wave that didn't want anything to do with the military-like aspects of football. Soccer won all the sick puppies. They're my people. They're the guys who are coming up now into the NASL. We consider a 230-pound full-back with a pro contract and a commission in the Marines to be the flake. We're the straight folks."

"I wonder where the next generation of athletic poets will go? Soccer is already too Establishment for them. Volleyball is probably it. Maybe after soccer I'll try to be America's first \$100,000 volleyball player."

After a year of molding chopped liver into cupids for a Long Island caterer while attending Nassau Community College, Messing was accepted by Harvard, the first community-college transfer student ever admitted to that venerable institution. "I wowed them with my College Board scores," he says. "They didn't even know I played soccer." By his junior year Messing was playing soccer and courting



Without wife Arden, says Shep, it would've been nickel beer.

MESSING

continued

Arden Rothenberg from nearby Emerson College, strolling with her through Cambridge. They were known as the "Duke and Duchess," because Messing habitually wore a wide-brimmed Borsolino hat, a three-piece velvet suit and a silk scarf, and twirled a silver-knobbed walking stick.

He had brought his New York attitude with him to Harvard. He received a note from the dean, advising him that he was not allowed to keep a pet in his room—strictly against the rules. "I had this little South American tree bear," Messing says. "I loved him. Since I couldn't keep him in the room, I put him in the hall." Messing has aggravated more than one soccer coach by obeying the letter instead of the spirit of the rules. But with Messing's goal-keeping, Harvard finished second in the Ivy League in 1971 and was third in the NCAA tournament.

When Messing was alternately selected for and suspended from the 1972 Olympic team by Coach Bob Guetler, who now coaches at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, he began to see the chasm between his considerable talents and his outrageous behavior. In El Salvador for an Olympic elimination game, he was caught in a raid on a bawdy house—"I thought it was a bar," he maintains. Guetler nearly threw him off the team. Later, in the final elimination in Jamaica, in a game about to be decided by a penalty kick against him, Messing ran at the startled El Salvador forward, waving his arms and screaming insults in pidgin Spanish. "Guetler was furious at the unsportsmanlike conduct," says Messing, "but the guy missed the shot and we went to the Olympics."

Messing's memories of Munich are of an off-field order. "I was woken up by a big German in a leather trench coat one afternoon. He said, 'Are you Jewish? Come with me.' It was the first time I'd ever felt my Jewishness so immediately. Of course the idea was to protect all the Jewish athletes in the Village while the Israeli team was being held

hostage. After their murders, it was a sacrilege to let the Games continue. It was Avery Brundage's ego trip, another example of people taking sports way too seriously."

In 1973 Messing signed with the fledgling New York Cosmos for \$2,300. "Here I was, a Harvard grad, making \$76 a week. When people say I don't love the game, I remind them of that. The parking-lot attendants at Hofstra University, where we trained, made more than the players."

Three years before Pelé's arrival, the NASL was a frontier. The Cosmos players had off-season jobs as bricklayers and truck drivers and one of them may have been, according to Messing, a hijacker on the New Jersey waterfront. One Polish player's wife told Arden, "I've got to find a job before it gets cold."

Badly in need of money the next season, Messing responded to a phone call from Jim Bouton, then a sportscaster for a New York television station, who told him that a quick \$1,000 was available for posing nude for *Viva* magazine. "I'd do it myself," said Bouton, "but my pitching arm's too ugly."

The centerfold haunted Messing for years. He was traded to the Boston Minutemen in 1975, and his room roommate, Wolfgang Suhholz, would often answer their hotel-room phone only to hear passionate breathing. He would hand the receiver to Messing, saying, "It's for you, I believe."

"I once got a gift-wrapped girl in a Vancouver hotel," says Messing. "There she was outside the door wearing Saran Wrap, a big bow and nothing else, clutching a copy of the magazine."

Messing learned how to play goalkeeper from German-born Coach Hubert Vogelsinger of the now-defunct Minutemen. Until then, he had relied on his instinct and reaction time to make saves. But it was clearly not enough. Vogelsinger would yell, "You've got hands like Mickey Mice, you think you on cloud seven. Boy, you in kindergarten, ptful!"

"Hubert taught me set plays," says Messing. "The high balls and the crosses, the meat of the game. It was endless drilling. I normally don't do that. I usually tell coaches that there are only a certain number of saves in my body, and I can't use them up in practice. But for him, I worked hard."

In the intervening years Vogelsinger's English has improved, but his judgment of Messing has remained the same. Now coach of the San Diego Sockers, he says, "Shep is nearly a world-class keeper. We used to do a drill where I'd stand a few yards away, with him sitting on the ground; I'd drop the ball and try to kick it past him. By the time the ball left my hands, he was moving in exactly the direction the ball was going to go. It was uncanny. Such intelligence and speed I've rarely seen in a keeper."

"Some coaches say he's weak in the air on high balls and crosses, but that's foolish. He's one of the very best in the

continued



Although Messing never played for Philadelphia, he nevertheless has an enthusiastic fan club there.



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MESSING

continued

league now. What he had to learn—it's like tennis—is that to be great you have to hit a backhand routinely. The same with the standard saves—they've got to be second nature."

Says Cosmos Coach Eddie Firmani, with whom Messing has a bottomless lack of understanding, "Shep is a marvelous reaction goalie, but in front of the line, when he has to come out to pull something down, he's still shaky, and he can be in real trouble when he's coming out to cut down the angle on a forward."

Says Mirko Stojanovic, a former keeper with the Dallas Tornado, who set the league goals-against average record of .62 in 1971 and was Oakland's coach until the end of May, "Shep is very intelligent and brave. He's a gambler, but that's the nature of the position. When I was a young keeper on Red Star in Yugoslavia, I had a B.A. and was the least educated. The other three keepers had Ph.D.s. It's a position that attracts the intelligent because it offers the most challenges; you are back there directing the team and you're in charge. When a hard shot is coming at you, you're going to be a hero or a villain in a matter of seconds."

"Shep has to learn to lead the team more from the goal. At the Cosmos, Beckenbauer told him to be quiet, that he was in charge, and it was a bad habit. Here he's got to talk."

Messing views his position with a native's eye. "Americans make great goalies in soccer because they have the hand-eye coordination since childhood," he says. "If I throw a soccer ball at you, you'll use your hands to stop it by instinct, not your foot."

"Pelé saw that, too. He told me that the first of the world-class Americans he expected to see would be keepers. We simply don't have generations of experience and training at using our feet."

When Messing came to the Stompers this season, after an involved contract dispute with the Cosmos during which Firmani had vowed that Messing would never play for him again, it was to have been the greatest marriage of sports promotion in history—the union of Oakland General Manager Dick Berg, the league's best PR man with stunning successes at Dallas and San Jose behind him, and Shep Messing. Billboards bloomed around the Oakland area, depicting Messing and announcing the formation of the new team. There were press parties on yachts in the bay; the local investors were impressed; and the future was to be glowing for Messing and the Stompers. But when plans for opening-day festivities were announced, Berg wanted Messing to enter the Oakland Coliseum riding an elephant—"Stomp 'em" personified—and Messing said no. "You know I could have signed with Washington," he told Berg, "but I don't want the nickname 'Dip' and I don't do circus acts. No monkey, sheep [for the 'ShepHerds'] or elephants."

Says Berg, "Shep is only interested in his own promotion. Every time we have a ticket-selling banquet or a shopping-center appearance set up for him, he threatens to put himself on the injured list. Chewing tobacco on network television doesn't put fans in the seats. Wait until we lose at home against Chicago with 2,000 attendance. Then you'll see him out there."

On opening day, the Stompers set an expansion-team rec-

ord with better than 32,000 in the Coliseum. Messing played superbly against local rival San Jose, going down on his knees to plead with a referee on a penalty kick, and then stopping the shot of Ilija Mitic, 37, the league's all-time scoring champ, who had never failed to score on a penalty shot in the NASL. Messing gave him a crowd-pleasing rude gesture.

The game ended in a shoot-out, in which only one of San Jose's five one-on-one attempts got past him. It was Messing at his best.

Messing tends a soccer goal much the way that the Boston Bruins' Gerry Cheevers does a hockey net—with a heart-stopping creativity and high-rolling élan. Not for Messing the calculated crispness of the great English Keeper Gordon Banks or Dallas' Ken Cooper. His is the fall-on-the-live-grenade style, weaving and bobbing out of his net toward an oncoming forward. He is also a trickster who will sometimes flash an Ali-like grin to unnerve a rushing forward.

Messing has some less subtle tricks, too, as Pelé, who was partly responsible for Messing's return to the Cosmos in 1976, will testify. "I thought he wanted me on the new Cosmos because of some great save I'd made," Messing says. "But after practice one day, he told me that in a game against me in Boston, we'd both been running after a loose ball near the goal and I pulled him by the shorts so I could get the ball first, which I did. Pelé thought that was great and wanted me to play with him. What a comedown!"

Because of his feisty attitude toward the Oakland management, Messing was chosen team captain. "I'm not a natural leader," he says. "The part of the job I like best is taking our complaints to the coach and management. Most athletes have very fragile egos. Here are these great big, finely muscled guys frightened of coaches. They want to please their coaches and live in fear that they won't. There's not much job security."

"I've had snakes as pets since I was a kid—in fact I wanted to be a herpetologist—so I know how to handle owners."

Messing's style as team leader smacks of his salad days in the league. He arrives late for practice, team meetings—sometimes even hiding in a room next door until he can be sure that he is really late—and behaves irreverently whenever possible.

Berg wound up a recent player-management meeting by announcing, "There will be no more nonsense tolerated. You people are professionals and you must act like it." He ticked off the usual litany of breaking curfew, being late for practice and missing meetings. At that point, in walked Messing—"And that includes you, Mr. Messing!"

Messing drew himself up and shouted, "Mr. Berg, you sell the tickets. We'll play the game. And if that doesn't work out, we'll all take a walk."

Several newly arrived foreign players were flipping crazily through their English phrase books, trying to discover what all the shouting was about. But Berg smiled, perhaps figuring that nothing could draw his team closer than having a common enemy, namely him.

continued

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MESSING

continued

Under Messing's captaincy, the Stompers have a relaxed, slightly crazy character. When German import Charlie Mrosko got off the plane in New York, he spoke his only words of English: "I want Studio 54!"

And Lee Attack, a defender from the University of San Francisco, says, "I cut my hair and shaved my beard and didn't even have a beer when I got here. But after one night out with Shep in San Francisco, I just let everything grow! I knew I was in the right place."

American Defender Archie Roboos-toff, sporting shoulder-length yellow hair and a General Custer mustache, says, "I don't know why it should be, with national exposure, media attention and all, but he really cares about us. He doesn't have to; you just feel that the guy's in your corner all the time."

In a game against Los Angeles in May, one could see the Messing-Stompers style in action. It was a cold evening in the Coliseum; the Corkpoppers—the dancing girls—were shivering, and Messing in goal was pacing to keep warm. The Stompers took an early 1-0 lead and held it until the final eight minutes, when Alan Kelly of the Aztecs sent a screamer past Messing.

Messing got up and walked to the edge of the net. He spotted a reporter he knew and said, "That damn defense. They weren't thinking. Now we have to go into a shoot-out. Those dummies will all be late to the postgame party. To hell with the game, play it for the party!"

A few moments later, the bearded, floppy-haired Attack was hanging on to the near post waiting for an L.A. corner kick. He looked over at a photographer and said, "Get my good side, lad, I'm marvelous from the left profile."

"Hey, Lee," yelled dour Defender Alec Lindsay, "get in the game, lad, forget the other stuff."

"This is the game!" screamed Attack. He rose to chest-trap the corner kick and in a second was sprinting down the field, carrying the ball full blast toward the Aztec goal.

Messing turned and said, "He's one of my people; he's a real sick puppy and he's good. Damn good. He'll be on my all-star crazies team."

Says Vogelinger, "You have to understand Shep. He's a calcified eccentric with a big mouth. But I told him

long ago, if you've got a big mouth, you've simply got to be great. A big-mouth loser is a bum anyway there."

"Shep is a perfectionist," Vogelinger once told Arden. "He can't stand to look bad in front of people. That's his secret of success."

Oakland minority owner Bill Graham the rock-music impresario, says, "Shep is the Bob Dylan, the John Lennon of soccer. A whole new generation of sports fan is out there waiting for a hero that reflects their values. These are the anti-Establishment people, the antiwar and civil-rights generation. Ken Stabler can't give it to them but Shep can. They believe him, they identify with him. He's the first radical-chip sports hero."

Former Cosmos teammate and friend, Defender Bobby Smith, thinks Messing is more complicated than that. "There are several versions of Shep," he says. "Sometimes he doesn't know which is the right one. Heck, maybe they all are true. Is there a real Shep Messing at the core of all the hype and the postures? Yes, and it's just a mirror of the outside."

This season, Messing ranks fifth out of 10 in the American Conference in goalkeeping with a 1.41 average, and his goalkeeping supremacy may be slipping away from him. The Stompers are currently 9-9 and in third place in the Western Division, hardly a Cosmos-like contender.

So Messing's prediction that his next engagement will be as a \$100,000-a-year volleyball player may be coming true. The age of the crazies may be over in soccer. He may fondly recall the old days in Boston, when players always parked behind the owner's Rolls-Royce so he couldn't get away after games until they were paid, and where the Rolls was often full of hot-dog buns, because the owner operated the food stands as well and pleaded with players to buy their pregame meals from him. But these are new times.

Although Shep gets a goodly sum from the U.S. Tobacco Company to promote snuff—and for which, not incidentally, his brother-in-law works in marketing—and although he has that \$100,000 contract, his days as one of the league's premier drawing cards may be numbered.

"Look, it's only a game," Messing says on his own behalf. "I've got a championship ring, I'm 28 and the world's out

there waiting. Whatever I've taken from soccer I think I've given back. I still argue with the commissioner, but it's been a healthy dialogue. Why should an American league have a Welsh leader? Why is the British Mafia controlling the sport here? Maybe I've done too good a job. The American kids like Gary Eltrington and Ricky Davis coming up now may blow me out of the goal. But, hey, watch out for old Shep. The season's only half over, and when I whip this team up and get them ready for 42nd Street, watch out."

But behind the facade there is something ominous and brooding in Messing, storm clouds at the edge of his view of himself. Perhaps so much confidence and contrariness is exhausting. Out there on the barricades of the ego a soldier of fortune can get tired and long for home. After the Los Angeles game, nursing a rum and Coke in Ernie's restaurant in San Francisco, Messing talked about one of his dreams like an old campaigner from San Juan Hill, but the dream was a flashy one.

"If it weren't for Arden," he says, "I'd be just a bum in some cheap bar with a pool table and nickel drafts. I'm not very good at controlling myself. I've no self-regulation. I need her balance."

"Arden and I want to buy a town house in Manhattan," he continues. "The West Coast is all right, except it has no character, no style. It's too laid back, you know; hell, all the waiters and the brain surgeons are driving around in Mercedes 450 SLs saying, 'Have a nice day.' I want to get back East where people can read books without moving their lips, where everybody's got a smart mouth and a plan. Where life has a texture. Then, I don't know, maybe law school finally..."

The owner of the restaurant arrives at the table, smoothly shaking hands, welcoming Messing to San Francisco's finest restaurant, assuring him that he's proud to have such a great athlete, etc., etc.

And Messing once again becomes the Great Shep, the bug-timer. "Hey, well thanks a lot," he drawls, draping his arm over the man's shoulder. "You know I've been looking for a really good watering hole in town, and I think you've got it right here, but you know, you need spittoons..." And he shoves a wad of stuff into his big smile.

END



"That's for my Chivas Regal."

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 25-July 2

BOATING—**BILL MUNCEY**, piloting *Amis Van Lier*, averaged 104.161 miles per hour and won the \$110,000 sailboat hydroplane Gold Cup at Owensboro, Ky. (page 27)

BOWLING—**MARK ROTH** became the second bowler in PGA history to win \$100,000 two seasons in a row when he defeated Jay Byrnes on the \$40,000 tournament in San Jose, Calif. The 36,000 first prize boosted Roth's earnings to \$181,195. Art Anthony is the only other bowler to accomplish the feat.

BOXING—**FUSTIHO PEDROZA** of Panama retained his WBA (featherweight) title on a 10-round TKO of Ernesto Herrera in Panama City.

HORSE RACING—**LAKEVILLE MISS** (41) 200, Babe Hernandez up, won the \$185,000 Coaching Club American Oaks by six lengths over *Cassia* at West.

MOTOR SPORTS—**MARIO ANDRETTI**, averaging 118.24 mph, won the French Grand Prix at Dijon for the second straight year, finishing ahead of his Lotus teammate, Ronnie Peterson. Andretti, who now leads the drivers' point standings with 45; Peterson's 38, won his fourth Grand Prix victory this season.

BOWING—The national eight of **BULGARIA** defeated the University of Washington to win the Grand Challenge Cup at the Herby Bow Regatta (page 71)

SOCER—Minnesota regained first place in the NASL's National Conference Central Division by defeating Houston 2-0. The Kicks led Dallas by two points. Tulsa moved within four points of Minnesota, beating Colorado 4-1 behind Billy Conley's two goals. Portland edged to a seven-point lead in the National West, getting two shutouts from Mark Purdie and beating both Rochester and Minnesota 1-0. Vancouver also won twice via shutouts 2-0 over Los Angeles and 1-0 over San Jose in a doubleheader. The Cougars, with Sam West scoring the winning goal, defeated the Arrows 3-1, their 22nd straight at home. Tampa Bay took over first place in the American Conference East, defeating Toronto 2-1 and Washington 3-2 in two games by Rodney Marsh. Kevin Walsh scored an overtime goal to get New England a 2-1 victory over Philadelphia. Oakland won American Conference Central leader Denver 4-1 in overtime.

ASL—Los Angeles stretched its unbeaten streak to five and opened up an eight-point lead at California in the Western Division. The Skyhawks defeated the Skyhawks 4-2, with Jim Millard getting the hat trick. Baltimore

lost, who has eight goals and 18 points in his last five games, grabbed the largest scoring lead with 22 points. California also lost to shockplace Southern California 1-0. Sacramento, with Greg Cameron scoring both goals, overcame a 2-0 halftime deficit and tied the only three-goal, 2-2 in two overtimes. Cleveland defeated Sacramento 1-0 with Billy Lowe scoring the goal in his ASL debut. But the Calicos were shut out by the New York Apollo 2-0.

SWIMMING—**BARRARA KRAUSE** of East Germany broke the women's world record in the 200-meter freestyle at the East German Championships in East Berlin. Her time of 1:59.04 was 0.22 seconds faster than the mark set by Kornelia Ender at the 1976 Olympics.

TENNIS—Guillermo Vilas is one of the best drop-court players in the world, but just like the grass at Wimbledon and he becomes vulnerable. Vilas, who was injury in the third round last year, didn't even get that far this time, losing in the second round to Tom Okker of The Netherlands 6-3, 6-4, 6-2. John McEnroe, the New Yorker who caused such a stir last year by smashing the soundlessly didn't have a chance to repeat. The 19-year-old McEnroe, who recently turned pro, dropped a first-round match to Erik Van Dillen 7-5, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3. Defending champion and top seed Bjorn Borg, and second-seeded Jimmy Connors advanced. Borg relied on a wicked second serve to defeat Vic Anania 8-6, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3, 6-1. Connors reached the final 16 by strapping to a 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 6-4 over Jaime Fillol. Connors defeated Kim Warwick 6-1, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4 and Tom Gorman 6-4, 6-6, 6-3 in a match that lasted two hours and 45 minutes. By contrast, the favored women players all attained the final 16 as expected. Evonne Cuyler advanced by defeating Lusa Odufren 6-1, 6-4, 6-4 and Martina Navratilova, seeded No. 2, overcame a shaky first set to beat Barbara Jordan, 3-6, 6-1, 6-4. Third-seeded Evonne Goolbsong defeated Gail Stryker 6-4, 6-3, and defending champion Virginia Wade defeated Yvonne Vermaak 6-4, 4-6, 7-5.

TRACK & FIELD—Kicking the final 200 meters in 37.6, **JENNY RENO** set a world record of 7:33.1 for the 5,000-meter run at the Soviet Games in Oslo, Norway, who earlier this year had set world records in the 5,000 and 10,000 and the 3,000-meter steeplechase, knocked 21 seconds off the mark established by Brian Foster of England in 1974. In the women's 3,000-meter run, **JAN McHILL**, set an American record of 8:42.8, surpassing her own mark of 8:46. **CAROL WATZ** of Norway won the event in 8:32.1, the second best time ever recorded.

JAMES BLITS jumped 56' 6 1/2" in the triple jump at the World Games in Helsinki, Finland, breaking the American record of 56' 3 1/2".

MARITA KOCH of East Germany established a women's world record of 49.19 in the 400-meter dash at the East German championships at Leipzig, surpassing by 1/10 of a second the mark set in 1976 by Inge Stenwanda of Poland.

VOLLEYBALL—Senta Barbara maintained its lead in the IFA Women's Division and ran its winning streak to seven, beating San Diego in three straight games. Seattle upset Orange County, who in three straight games with San Francisco, setting up 44 kills in 82 attempts. In the Continental Division, Denver won three of five matches, including a four-game upset of division-leading Tucson.

MILFOOTS—**NAMED LARRY DORR**, 51, Chicago White Sox, batting coach, as the team's manager, replacing Rich Lemon. Dorr, who was the first coach to play in the American League when he broke in with Cleveland in 1967, becomes the second black manager in major league history.

NAMED SONNY SMITH, 41, an basketball coach at Auburn. Smith coached Lee Tennessee State to an 18-4 record last year.

SUSPENDED—By the AAU, for an indefinite period, Olympians **DWIGHT STONEL**, former world record holder in the high jump, **KATE SCHMIDT**, world record holder in the women's javelin, **FRANCE LARRIE**, American record holder in the women's mile and **JANE FRUSKAIK**, American record holder in the pentathlon, for accepting a total of \$10,000 in prize money from the ABC-TV. The Superstars show.

TRADED—By the Denver Nuggets, **GORD KORN**, 31, and two second-round draft choices, to the Los Angeles Lakers for **GUARD CHARLIE SCOTT**, 29. Denver had acquired Boone and a 1979 second-round pick from the Kansas City Kings for **Forward Darrell Hoffman** and the rights to one of Denver's two first-round draft choices, **Darrel Wade Evans**.

CREDITS

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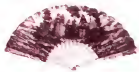


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Edited by BOB OTTUM

RAPID RON

Sir:

Ron Gundry may be on his way to becoming one of the great pitchers (*Unbearable, and All But Unouchable*, June 26), but one must remember that the season is not even half over. The true test doesn't come until after the All-Star break, when Gundry will have to continue to produce. I hear fellow Yankee fans talking about Gundry's having an undefeated season and breaking Nolan Ryan's 1973 record of 383 strikeouts, but it seems unlikely. In every game this year, Gundry has been throwing smoke, and his arm may not be able to withstand the strain. The Yankees' main concern shouldn't be keeping Gundry's streak alive, but catching Boston.

DLANE E. DOUGLAS
Brooklyn

Sir:

It is refreshing to note that although Ron Gundry is 12-0 and the ace of the Yankee staff, he is not seeking to renegotiate his contract, even though he is in an industry which has so many overnight millionaires. I would like to see some of his fellow—and wealthier—Yankees learn a lesson from his attitude, determination and humility.

P. M. SOLENICK
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article on Ron Gundry was all fine and dandy, but what about Tom Seaver and his no-hitter? True, you have followed Tom through good times and bad, but when he achieves this supreme goal, he's relegated to "Player of the Week."

DANNY CLEMENS
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

Ron Gundry deserves all credit for his magnificent pitching, but writer Larry Keth says Gundry's 18 strikeouts in one game "fell one short of the major league record held by Steve Carlton, Tom Seaver and Nolan Ryan." According to my record book, the major league record is not 19, but 20, set by Tom Cheney of the old Washington Senators.

DAVID PALKON
Columba, Md.

● The record of 19 strikeouts is for a nine-inning game. Cheney's 21 (not 20) strikeouts, which he achieved against the Baltimore Orioles on Sept. 12, 1962, came in a 16-inning game.—ED.

LONG SEASON

Sir:

Ever since 1965, I have been a Cub fan. I know all too well the agony of September,

but I had often wondered if the rest of the U.S. realized just how pennant-starved we Cub fans are. Now E. M. Swift's article (*Next Act Is a Cub Flib*, June 26) has told them exactly what it's like. I'll always love the Cubs, but just once I wish the season would end at the All-Star break.

DAVID YARNALL
Wildwood, Ill.

Sir:

To be a Cub fan is to find out what life is all about at a very early age. As a Cub fan grows into maturity and confronts what is called the real world, he has already been prepared for virtually every frustration, disappointment and defeat that the realities of the universe can deal him.

WILLIAM E. CARLEY
Chicago

ANDY'S OPEN

Sir:

Andy North's victory at Cherry Hills (*The Boney That Won the Open*, June 26) should be an example to all young golfers. Back in the days when he and I were members of the Nakoma Country Club here, Andy would arrive at the course around 7 a.m. and leave 12 hours later. He would take his two large shag bags to the practice green and stay most of the day chipping and putting; while the rest of us were flipping hamburgers at the local greasy spoon. Andy was flipping wedges out of the practice trap. We thought nothing could be more boring than practicing golf when we could be playing golf. Thus Andy's triumph at the Open was not the culmination of four days of good play, but of many years of hard work.

GREGG SHIMANSKI
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

I really pity J. C. Snead, Andy Ben and Lee Trevino because of all the noise and distractions they had to put up with at the U.S. Open. It is sad when these professional-blame poor shots on such factors. I can't recall Tom Seaver ever blaming a wild pitch on a teammate's shouting encouragement during a windup, or David Thompson missing a foul shot because the fans were screaming too loudly in the stands. If it is quiet that these golfers desire, perhaps they should take up chess.

JIM WELCH
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Andy North's Where was the close story on Nancy Lopez' fifth straight victory?

JULY SIMPSON
Indianapolis

Sir:

The officials responsible for giving young pro Bobby Impaglia a two-stroke penalty for slow play should be drawn and quartered (*A Ticket for Slowing*, June 26). I am sure that if it had been a Jack Nicklaus or an Arnold Palmer, it would never have happened. Anyone with any knowledge of both golf and the importance of the U.S. Open would agree that intense concentration and study are as important as executing the shot properly.

IRVING GLASSBERMAN
Auburn, N.Y.

ON LAND AND SEA

Sir:

If you are still interested in two-foot-long roaches (*A Burgain Monster from the Sea's Basement*, June 12), I know of an apartment complex that has them of a suitable size to be walked on leashes.

ANTHONY BREALX
Litchfield Park, Ariz.

THE SHOOGY GAMES

Sir:

At the end of his story on the 1984 Summer Games (*A Flaming Olympian Mess*, June 26), William Oscar Johnson concludes that the Games obviously belong in Los Angeles. Why? Even if we could afford the Olympics—which we can't—suppose the weather presents us with a temperature inversion and we have two weeks of smog. Even kindergarten kids are required to stay indoors and not go near playgrounds under such conditions.

G. ZORBUCH
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

Mr. Johnson senses that logic will prevail and that the Olympics will be held in Los Angeles where, he says, they obviously belong. Mr. Johnson should take his desire to see the Olympics well beyond the boundaries of California. We do not want the '84 Games. Neither politicians nor writers should attempt to force this costly mistake on the already overburdened people of Southern California.

HENRY JOHNSON
Studio City, Calif.

DOGGONE DARTER

Sir:

What bunk! The wive in the Tellico Dam case (*SCORECARD*, June 26) is not an endangered species but a lousy three-inch fish. The odds against the small darter obtaining the cure for anything are enormous. No wonder there is a taxpayer rebellion in this country.

TOM RASCHIO
Milwaukee, Ore.

● For more on the Tellico Dam, see *SCORECARD*, page 11.—ED.

continued

ERIC EVANS

Sr.

At last our nation's most hidden champion, kayaker Eric (Hammer) Evans, has been revealed (*The Hammer Nails the Nantahala*, June 12). Eric's performance on a white-water slalom course is impressive, but no more so than his power technique through practice gates on a flat pond.

Dan Levin's mention of the fact that Evans had to quit his job because it interfered with his training and that he is now having difficulty making ends meet is just one more example of how hard it is for a dedicated U.S. amateur to compete against subsidized athletes from foreign countries.

Levin also noted the elimination of white-water kayak and canoe events from Olympic competition after Munich. More's the pity, because these events evoked a great deal of interest and comment from TV viewers of the Games.

However, regarding Levin's description of the sport as "not only difficult but extremely dangerous," almost all kayakers maintain that the most dangerous portion of any outing is the auto drive to the river!

Jack Nichol
Billings, Mont.

TOWARD OPEN BADMINTON
Sr.

In SCORECARD (June 12) the item on the subject of open badminton suffers from the omission of an essential fact. While it is true that the International Badminton Federation voted in favor of allowing the sport to go open, and committed itself to setting up the machinery for administering this radical change in the structure of the sport, the federation specifically postponed the beginning of open competition until next year. This was done in order to allow time for drawing up the rules and regulations necessary to implement the plan, the essentials of which, presumably, will be approved at the annual general meeting in May 1979. It is easy to say that badminton will go open, but saying so does not result in the instant creation of a complex format within which two classes of players—amateur and professional—can compete, either within their separate classifications or against each other.

Edwin S. Jarrett
Vice President
International Badminton Federation
Minneapolis

SOARING EAGLES
Sr.

For weeks I have anxiously searched my copy of SI, expecting your usual superb coverage of a major event in American sports. On Sunday, May 28, at Towson State University near Baltimore, a crowd in the thousands saw the U.S. national rugby team, the American Eagles, defeat the Canadian national team 12-7. This was the Eagles' first victory in international competition and the first

continued

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